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The Week

GERMANY has at last made formal application for membership in the League of Nations. Her request was received last week, and will be considered at a special meeting to be called March 8. There is of course every reason to believe that it will be accepted, although Europe's nerves are, as former Chancellor Seipel of Austria well said the other day, so "jumpy" that prophecies are dangerous. There is little doubt that the agitation among German Nationalists over the conditions in the Southern Tyrol was intended to create a quarrel which might delay Germany's application for League membership. It is true that Italy has acted badly toward the Tyrolese; but most of her repressive measures are now three or four years old; and in any case, are directed against persons who, while German by race and language, were former subjects not of Germany, but of Austria. This precious scheme was helped along, of course, by Il Duce, who for quarrelsomeness is all three musketeers rolled into one. We are glad that there was enough good sense at Berlin to prevent its success.

GERMANY'S application for admission to the League has but a single reservation. In an attached memorandum, she urges that when military measures are required of any League member "each state . . . is bound to coöperate loyally and effectively . . . to the extent which is compatible with its military situation and which takes its geographical position into account." This reservation is the one which Germany has repeatedly suggested before, and there is no doubt that it will be acceptable. It asks no status for herself not granted to all other League members, though her position as a power virtually disarmed by the Treaty of Versailles might suggest the justice of special treatment. When one thinks of the number of possible reservations with which Germany might have entered the League, and then compare this simple memorandum with the five reservations and two resolutions the United States thought necessary in adhering to the World Court, some interesting thoughts are suggested. However, we spare our readers the recital.

IS President Coolidge's famous and extraordinary popularity beginning to wane? Generalizations on that point should not be too hasty; and yet it is permissible to count over on one's fingers some facts which suggest that the gilt on the halo is dimming a little. He certainly did not enhance his popularity by his refusal, at the end his almost petulant refusal, to take a hand in the coal strike. The tenderness of the Department of Justice toward the Mellon-controlled aluminum trust has made a bad impression. The revelation that the President has asked the suppression of the Tariff Board's sugar report, for political reasons, has done him no good. The same is true of the news that in making important appointments he has been demanding in advance the undated resignations of his own nominees—a guaranteed, sure-fire system for destroying the initiative of the latter and binding them, meekly submissive, to his chariot wheel. The farmers of the Middle West, or a large proportion of them, are violently displeased by his apathy toward the Dickinson bill; his great trip to Chicago to address the American Farm Bureau Federation meeting can only be described as a flop. It is known that the President and his advisers feel it is time the administration developed a new talking-point and are searching

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wide, far, low and high for one. "Economy" is getting threadbare; but they can find nothing else.

THERE is a Congressional election this year; and of late, the American people have developed a disagreeable habit of taking the control of Congress away from each administration at the half-way point. Mr. Coolidge, who has a long memory and a sharp eye in politics, will not have forgotten that. To be sure, a hostile legislative branch has its compensations: it provides an alibi for the failure to take action; but the American people, as our astute President is perfectly well aware, don't want alibis. They want results. With the uneasy consciousness of the weak spots in his armor enumerated in the preceding paragraph, it is no wonder that Mr. Coolidge has felt called upon to "do something." We feel he was ill-advised, however, in solemnly warning the people not to pay any attention to attacks in Congress, which can all be attributed to politics. It sounds, as several gentlemen at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue at once pointed out, dangerously like an attempt to discount in advance, and therefore to muzzle, all hostile criticism. Moreover, our citizens heard that same explanation all through the Fall-Doheny scandal. It was dragged out again in the futile effort to discredit the Senatorial investigation of the Ohio gang in the Department of Justice. It was uttered only the other day as an attempted backfire against the investigation of the aluminum case. It is, in short, Old Stuff; and if the President can get away with it, the country is more gullible than we had suspected, even in our gloomiest moments.

THE case of Vera, Countess Cathcart, who as we write is on the point of being excluded from the United States because of having committed "a crime involving moral turpitude," is one of those ridiculous and humiliating affairs which one can only endure in the hope that the agitation it creates may remedy the situation it reveals. We are sorry for the Countess. We are sorrier for the people of the United States who are exposed before the world as having on their statute books an idiotic law idiotically enforced. There is to be sure some doubt whether adultery—the offense with which the Countess is charged, and which she admits—is a "crime" within the meaning of the law; but in any case, the whole law is absurd. It puts a premium on falsehood, expressed or implied, as is perfectly illustrated in the case of the Earl of Craven, equally guilty with the Countess in the case because of which the exclusion proceedings were undertaken. He arrived in America shortly before she did, kept still, and was admitted without question. There is indeed a "double standard of morality" involved in the case, but it is not the one between male and female over which the National Woman's Party is needlessly agitating itself. It is a double standard between those who have a conscientious objection to falsehood, and are penalized for it, and those who connive with the government in what is, in hundreds of cases, a tacitly agreed falsehood with admission to this country as its prize.

THE quarrel between the United States and Mexico seems no nearer a solution. Mexico has replied to our latest note, but up to the moment of going to press neither this nor any of the previous items in the correspondence have been made public by our State Department, which as usual is practicing diplomacy as secret as it can be made. However, there is good reason to believe that the two countries are still far apart. Mexico has agreed in principle that in so far as the Constitution of 1917 is confiscatory of the private property of aliens it shall not be retroactive. The difference of opinion is whether or not subsequent laws and regulations, now in the process of enactment, are in fact confiscatory. As to oil lands, Mexico wants American owners to acknowledge the validity of the law reserving all such property to the state. If they will do this, the Mexican government will then issue to the present owners fifty-year leases of their properties, levying annual taxes of a non-confiscatory character based on the production. Fifty years of course is a far longer period than is necessary to take out of Mexico all the oil she possesses, unless the geologists are badly mistaken. As to the vast ranches which, under present Mexican policy, are to be broken up into small holdings for the benefit of the peons, the present alien owners are to retain title during their own life time and their heirs may do so for five years longer. To the American argument that this is in effect confiscation, the Mexicans reply that any government has an unquestioned right to levy inheritance taxes as drastic in character as it pleases, and that this law accomplishes the same end. In all cases, it is insisted that the alien owners of property shall consent to be treated, in regard to that property, as Mexican citizens. In other words, there is to be no attempt to claim the right to any de facto extra-territoriality. Mexicans object to such an attempt precisely as we should object if French or German investors, say, put their money into American enterprises and then sought to insist on the observance of French or German laws in regard to it.

IT IS necessary to keep distinct the legal and the political aspects of this question. Mexico insists that she has the legal right to do as she is doing, and that any alien property holder who, after the laws are in operation, believes he has a grievance, may take his case to the Mexican courts. The American owners of property are of course little interested in the question whether Mexico has a legal right to do as she has done. They have long enjoyed special privileges in Mexico and they don't propose to be deprived of them. Particularly, they don't want a precedent established which might be followed by Central and South American countries in which they

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also have heavy investments. It is doubtless true, as they say, that the present policies of Mexico tend to frighten away capital which is needed for the development of the country. This, however, clearly seems to be Mexico's own affair; and in any case the American people might well consider whether they are more interested in retaining special privileges for our investors—special in the sense that they are prohibited to Mexican citizens—or in keeping the friendship of a neighboring republic.

REPRESENTATIVE Ogden Mills in a speech charging that Governor Smith is following in the footsteps of Lenin on the one hand and Mussolini on the other—a considerable acrobatic feat—denounces his preference for state ownership of power resources chiefly by an attack on the Ontario hydro-electric development. This is largely composed of old charges, answered many times. We cannot discuss adequately in a paragraph the accounting and engineering intricacies involved, any more than Representative Mills can in a few paragraphs in a speech. The main point of difference between Canadian public power and American private power is, however, that Canadian power charges something less per kilowatt-hour to individual domestic users than to commercial or factory users, while American power charges about seven times as much to domestic users as to factories. Mr. Mills says the Canadian policy is the natural result of politics since it is devised to please the most voters. Well, Mr. Mills, what is there wrong about that? And are you not in politics? Do you want to please the most voters? Or whose interest is it you are serving?

THE merger of the Chase National and the Mechanics and Metals banks into a single billion-dollar institution, even though not followed by other grand banking consolidations as was at first rumored, is a sign of a tendency toward concentration of credit control which in the long run we shall hardly escape. In Britain, in Canada, and indeed in almost every industrial nation there are only one or two great banking systems which do the lion's share of the financial business for the nation. Here the tendency has been checked by laws against branch banking outside a given territory, while the Federal Reserve System is a coöperative means of attaining a national credit policy and a stability which in other nations has been provided by the central bank. There is now a considerable financial opinion in favor of modifying the restrictions on branch banking; it is said, for instance, that the country banks and the farmers would be better off today if they had been supported by the resources of a central institution and had been managed more wisely. Centralized credit control is a great power either for good or for evil. It is a grave question whether we can continue to rely on any great degree of banking competition, whether in the end we shall not have to face centralized control. But if we do, we must make sure that the control is used in the public interest.

AS the Senate and House conferees are discussing the tax bill, the strongest indications are for a large deficit by 1928. The Bureau of the Budget predicted a surplus for the current fiscal year, without tax reduction, of $330,000,000. Chairman William Green of the House Ways and Means Committee correctly points out that the provisions adopted by the Senate will mean a reduction of about $600,000,000 in annual tax receipts within two years. Even if the House rates for estate taxes are restored, other compromises will surely bring the total loss a hundred million or so above the estimated surplus. All this rests on the assumption that we shall have no business depression within the next two years, and that governmental expenses do not prove larger than estimated. What can the Republican leaders be thinking of? Are they relying on Secretary Mellon's mystical faith that lower rates will bring higher tax receipts? If they are, let it be clearly recorded now, so that when the result appears that faith may receive its acid test and the voters may know how and why they have been misled.

PUBLICATION of the total loans by banks on stock exchange collateral, recently inaugurated, shows that about $3,500,000,000 of credit is tied up in this way, or $1,000,000,000 more than Wall Street had guessed. This gives an idea of the magnitude of the speculative operations which recently carried stock prices to unprecedented levels. To these figures must be added the loans by private banks and foreign concerns, not listed in the total. It is said that part of the credit was probably not used in speculation, but to float the many and large new stock issues accompanying recent big mergers and reorganizations. But that is speculation too, in a sense, since a high percentage of such issues represent, not actual investment in productive plant, but rake-offs for bankers and promoters, which they hope to make good to the investors through larger profits in the future. It will be strange if subsequent loan totals do not show a considerable shrinkage due to withdrawal of funds by out-of-town banks, now that the situation is known. Such a movement of course provides a good opportunity for "bears" to depress the market, and is likely to signalize the beginning of a period of share deflation.

ONE of the most interesting spectacles in Europe just now is Mussolini's continued and thus far completely unsuccessful effort to curry favor with the Vatican. The campaign has been carried on with Fascist thoroughness. The government press is filled with articles praising the activities of the Roman Catholic Church; all the leaders of the Mussolini régime now go to church regularly

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and conspicuously, so that they may be seen of all men; Il Duce himself, according to a well authenticated report, has remarried his wife with the rites of the Church after having been content for many years with a civil union. Among the books the circulation of which is strictly prohibited by the worthy Premier, is a scurrilous atheistical pamphlet written some years ago by a contemptible Socialist fellow, one Benito Mussolini. The object of this campaign is all too plain. The approval of the Church behind him would greatly increase the power of the black-shirted leader in domestic affairs. It would also permit him to play in Asia Minor the rôle of protector of the Christian minorities which has so long been reserved as an exclusive privilege of the French. Up to now, however, these efforts have been completely unsuccessful. The Vatican responds to them with a coldness amounting to hostility. It does not propose to be used to pull an adventurer's chestnuts out of the fire. The Church is old; it has seen many a self-made ruler come and go. The indifference it displays to having the Fascist wagon hitched to it suggests an interesting query: does it perhaps see signs of impending collapse for the Mussolini government not yet visible to those who do not possess its rather exceptional opportunities for observation?

THE movies march relentlessly on, devouring all in their path. They have already destroyed "the road," so that the drama has virtually disappeared everywhere except in the largest cities; now they threaten to eat up the theatre entire and at a gulp. Motion pictures are based on short stories in the magazines, on novels and most of all on plays which have been produced on Broadway. Even a few weeks' presentation in New York is such valuable advertising, that not only commercial successes but commercial failures, if not too ignominious, can be sold to the films for a large sum—one which in the latter case often represents the manager's only profit. From this it is but a step to the production of plays merely as a preliminary to their screen use, and this step has lately been taken. Motion picture magnates have invaded Broadway, putting their money behind productions to which they have acquired the screen rights in advance—a system which rejoices the manager since it lessens his risk without diminishing his profits. Needless to say, its effect on the artistic standards of drama is deplorable. Seeing this, a number of the better-known dramatists have banded together for their mutual salvation, into an organization which, although it is called a closed shop, any playwright may join. The purpose of the group is to prevent advance sale of the motion picture rights, to force genuine competitive bidding for these rights, and to protect their own works from unlimited alteration at the hands of the managers. These are, we submit, reasonable restrictions; and we wish the embattled playwrights good luck in their effort.

Winning the Lost Coal Strike

EVERYBODY lost the anthracite strike. The miners lost in the sense that they won virtually none of the demands with which they went into conference. The operators lost in the sense that their major objective—depriving the union of future bargaining power by imposing upon it unlimited, compulsory arbitration—was defeated. The consumers lost in the sense that none of the basic ills of the industry, which not only lead to labor trouble but rob the consumer year in and year out, was touched. The considerable sacrifices of all three during the workless, coalless period were fruitless.

Mr. Coolidge has rejected any credit for this settlement—which indeed was brought about in spite of his quiescence. It is well, of course, that the suspension is over and that the industry was not thrust further back into industrial feudalism by a victory for the operators. Even for this negative and meagre result, however, we must thank the courageous agitation of Governor Pinchot and those Congressmen and editors who would not, like the President, bow to the wishes of the operators by saying and doing nothing until the miners could be starved out. As we wrote at the beginning, the only way to put pressure on the operators to abandon their costly and ill-advised strategy was to demand governmental measures.

The question now is whether the surrender of the operators ought to buy the miners and the consumers off. Nothing in the industry is changed except that the miners are at work instead of idle, and are pledged to work for five years. There is no assurance against a future strike. There is no assurance that the miners will receive adequate wages. There is no assurance that the anthracite quasi-monopoly will not continue to profiteer at the expense of the public. The basic economic deadlock is still there; we are entering upon a truce, not a peace. Every reason for reorganization of the industry which existed before February 12 exists today. Will the voters' representatives fall back into the same listless inaction which followed the suspensions of 1920, 1922 and 1923, and the $600,000 report of the Coal Commission? If they do not, they can still win the strike.

Let us refresh our minds on the economic deadlock. The monopoly in the anthracite industry controls only the more profitable mines, leaving a fringe of independents. About three-fourths of the anthracite tonnage is produced at such large profits that it constantly beckons the miners to ask for higher wages. The other fourth is mined at such high costs and low margins of profit that the companies producing it cannot raise wages without raising prices. But whenever prices are raised by virtue of the existence of these high-cost companies, the big concerns can profit still more. Thus as long as the miners succeed in raising wages the con-

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sumers suffer. When the consumers cannot or will not pay higher prices, or when a strike is defeated by the operators, the miners do not get the share they believe they deserve. Every attempt, either by the miners or the consumers, to share in the profits of the big concerns is automatically converted into a conflict between miners and consumers. The operators always escape.

The consumer suffers in still another way by the existence of the high-cost companies. These, in a period of scarcity, sell their coal at higher than the "circular" price of the big concerns. But the wholesaler or retailer in such a period usually fixes his profit margin on the basis of the highest price he has to pay, and thus profiteers on the lower or average prices. The large operators, in turn, are indirectly responsible for the existence of such periods of scarcity because they control and restrict production in such a way that reserve stocks of coal are never allowed to grow large.

The gains which the big operators are registering through their control of a limited natural resource were exposed in the valuation figures of certain important companies published by the Coal Commission. The cost of their investment in 1913 was about $440,000,000. Increases in book value between then and 1922 brought the valuation figure to $640,000,000. A revaluation made by engineers on the basis of capitalized earning power—which is the standard used by the operators—raised that figure to $989,000,000. In other words, these operators were in 1922 making a profit equal to more than twice a fair return on their original cost. During this period *output had not increased.* It was all a result of more profit per ton. These figures, moreover, do not take into consideration royalties paid to coal land owners. Nor do they include the increasing charges for depletion of coal reserves, which will enable the investors to receive back in cash, when the coal is exhausted, much more than they paid for it in the first place—besides the profits they have taken in the meantime.

What is the remedy? It is not any surface change in the relations between union and operators' association. Mediation, conciliation, arbitration—none of these can solve the economic deadlock which is inherent in the structure of the industry. Fact-finding, even if continuous, can only find facts like the above which we already know, and the revelation of which by the Coal Commission in 1923 brought no adequate public pressure either to restrict prices or prevent another strike. Could the "phantom public" even understand a complicated analysis of financial statements for 135 different coal companies?

Commission regulation, which has been proposed by Governor Pinchot, is the traditional way of dealing with public utilities in this country. Doubtless it is better than nothing, but in other industries it is far from satisfactory, and it could hardly break the anthracite deadlock. A commission might conceivably set different prices for different companies according to their costs, but that would not benefit the miner or the retail consumer any more than different prices at the mines now benefit them. If the commission set uniform prices, on the basis of the needs of the high-cost companies, it would not improve the present situation. The only hopeful possibility under regulation would be a provision to recapture for the public treasury the excess earnings of the low-cost companies. But earnings so recaptured could not be converted into wage increases or price reductions through regulation alone. Moreover the whole process would be cumbersome and uncertain. With our long experience in railroad regulation we have not yet begun, as provided by the law of 1920, to recapture excess railroad earnings. Regulation could not, furthermore, prevent restriction of production. And according to the present status of judicial decisions on the subject, it could not prevent revaluations of property on the basis of "reproduction cost" (what would it cost to reproduce a coal deposit?) or "going concern value"—which is a close relative of capitalized earning power.

Something simpler and more daring is necessary. We need a complete monopoly which will pool profits, so that they may be tapped, when excessive, for the benefit of the miner and the consumer. And, having complete monopoly, we need control of its policies in the general interest. We need such positive, efficient control as is provided by ownership, not the clumsy, post-facto control of strikes and commission regulation. We need to place expert representatives of the miners and of the consumers in a position where they will continuously know the facts and have power to act intelligently about them, where they will no longer have to waste their energies in futile gestures against a citadel of private interest.

A bill which we understand is about to be introduced in the Senate by Senator Wheeler of Montana and in the House by Congressman Meyer Jacobstein of New York provides a real solution of this nature. It sets up a Federal Anthracite Corporation, which is to buy the coal properties. United States bonds are to be issued to finance the payment, so that the owners may receive either cash or government securities. The stake of private property in the industry would thus be stabilized; the control of private property would be removed. In the board of directors representatives of the miners are to have seven votes, and representatives appointed by the governors of coal-consuming states are to have seven votes. These will jointly elect a chairman—presumably a capable and properly trained business man willing, like Sir Henry Thornton of the Canadian National Railways, to serve the public. The first charge upon the industry is to be the interest on the bonds, and a sinking fund for their amortization. The taxpayers would not be called upon to support the corporation. There are,

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of course, to be no dividends. In order that a fair price may be paid for the properties, they are to be bought on the basis of their original cost or "prudent investment," as determined by the corporation, with no allowance for excess value which may have been added by violation of anti-trust laws. If the owners wish to contest such valuations, they may appeal to the courts, but in the meantime the corporation may acquire and operate the properties upon payment of 75 percent of the value it has determined. The bond issue is limited to $600,000,000.

If the project, with its other carefully planned details which we have not space to mention, were put into effect, workers and consumers could coöperate in their joint interest to provide for the orderly, uninterrupted operation of the industry, its rapid technical development, its highest efficiency, and the equitable distribution of any savings in higher wages and lower prices. Strikes would be extremely unlikely, since the basis for just dealings would exist, all facts would be known, and acquisitive private interests would not stand between the two parties chiefly concerned. Presumably there would be little change in the actual technical or operating staffs. What would be changed would be the structure of the industry and the major objective of management.

We are under no delusion that the political or legal obstacles to the consummation of this project can be easily overcome. We do believe, however, that they are no more serious than the obstacles to regulation, which is intrinsically less desirable. If we are to discuss and agitate for a remedy, let it be a real remedy, not a plan which is just as difficult to achieve and much less satisfactory. To study the proposal for a Federal Anthracite Corporation, to improve it if possible, and if it passes the test of a reasonable examination to press for its acceptance —even if that cannot be achieved for five, ten or twenty-five years—is, in our opinion, the way for the miners and the consumers to prepare to win a conclusive victory in anthracite.

Italian Nationalism In Europe

IT is hard for Americans to understand how restless and apprehensive Europe is. Yet every now and then its instability obtains some sharp involuntary expression which opens up terrifying possibilities and for that reason is immediately hushed up. Signor Mussolini's recent oratorical defiance of the Germans who have objected to Italy's treatment of the Austrian minority in the Tyrol is a case in point. In spite of his quick return to comparative moderation, the original speech contained matter for grave disquietude. If it was a sincere expression of the Italian nation's present conception of its mission in Europe, there are dark days ahead for Italy and for Europe.

Mussolini in his first speech associated Italy's national prestige with an essentially aggressive, overbearing and scornful attitude towards a neighboring European people. He did not, it is true, actually rattle the sabre after the former fashion of the Kaiser. Mussolini knows perfectly well, as all Europe knows, that Italy cannot afford the moral luxury of a serious war and that any aggressive act on his part against helpless Austria or Germany would unite Europe against him. But in the present condition of Europe it is not necessary to threaten immediate hostilities in order to count as a disturber of the peace. The nation which proclaims that its national prestige can rightly interfere with the delicate and laborious process of organizing security and creating confidence is no less at fault. That is what Italy under Mussolini's leadership is doing. He has asserted Italy's right to an irresponsible and flamboyant national egotism which is incompatible with the pacification of Europe and the principle of Locarno. The Italian dictator's recent defiance of Germany was equivalent to an explicit repudiation of the more conciliatory and inoffensive conception of nationalism, which must prevail particularly among the stronger nations, if Europe is to recover prosperity and prestige.

From 1815 to 1914 the sentiment of nationality was the chief positive political ferment of Europe. It was the most considerable source both of popular political loyalties and inter-state conflicts. As soon as a people attained to national self-consciousness, they craved community of allegiance to a government of their own making. This principle of national self-determination would have been all very well, if it had been possible to unite all cultural or ethnic groups under separate sovereignties. But such union was often out of the question, and in that event the divided loyalties of a part of the population always meant trouble. The dominant national group in a state which contained an alien minority resented the division, and usually governed so as to offend the national susceptibilities of the minority and to suppress its peculiar culture. If the persecuted national group could muster the strength, such persecution was considered a sufficient excuse for revolution or war. Sometimes, as in the cases of the wars for the liberation of the Balkan peoples, Italy and Germany, the victories of the national principle mitigated dangerous popular grievances and seemed to make for European stability. But if these wars eradicated some grievances, they created others. In 1914 almost every national group in Europe except England was either oppressing or being oppressed. Europe could not be stabilized and her mutually defiant and suspicious peoples converted into good Europeans merely by associating government with national affinities. For it was physically impossible to assign to every national group a government of its own. Yet if you did not, it was politically impossible to get rid of persecuted and discontented minorities as a cause of international contention.

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The Locarno treaties offered the first vista of an escape from this impasse. By proposing and negotiating them Germany renounced the right to erect the grievances which the Germans might feel on account of the alienation of other Germans from the Fatherland into a cause of war. This renunciation introduced a new principle and a new possibility of cohesion into the European system. If other nations would act in the same spirit, nationality might become a source of domestic political union without necessarily provoking animosities and conflicts between states. But, of course, the new principle would work only if the alienated German minorities were fairly well treated by the governments which ruled them. No matter what the Germans have promised, they will not in the long run inoffensively submit to an attempt by Poland, Czecho-Slovakia or Italy to de-Germanize or oppress their German-speaking citizens. As long as Germany had renounced the right to go to war on behalf of alienated Germans, the political sovereigns of these minorities no longer have any sufficient reason to discriminate against their language and culture and to injure their economic interests. The pacification of Europe and the ability of the European peoples to abate inter-class as well as inter-state conflicts has come to depend upon the deliberate divorce of national sentiment from political power and its limitation to a cultural expression. Europe must choose between becoming an empire, a jungle or an expanded Switzerland.

The Italy of Mussolini has refused to join. The German-speaking Tyroleans are being subjected to petty persecution; and the oppressive acts are vindicated by the grandiloquent glorification of Italian nationalism. Mussolini's speeches reveal a sublimated patriotic egotism which is even more flamboyant than the former megalomania of the German Kaiser. He envisages the Italians as a chosen people, the political descendants of the Roman Empire, who by a mystical combination of moral and physical force, are again to assume the leadership of Europe. Italian nationalism is a sacred cause which it is impious to frustrate or to offend. A substantial majority of the Italian people seem to approve his rhetorical glorification of Italian national imperialism. If this is true the germination of the seed which was planted at Locarno will have to wait until after the fall of Mussolini. As long as he rules Italy, the statesmen of Europe will remain on guard against the day in which the maintenance of Mussolini's prestige will force him to convert his patriotic bravado into disorderly action.

Among all the larger nations in Europe, Italy should be most conscious, not of the irresponsible independence of her national power, but of its dependence on the good will and the assistance of other nations. France, Spain, Russia and Germany—all of them threw off a foreign yoke and earned by their own efforts their right to national self-assertion. But Italian national expansion was the child of a sympathetic environment. In 1848 the Italians were defeated in their armed efforts to throw off the Austrian yoke. They owed the acquisition of Lombardy to the assistance of France. They owed the acquisition of Venetia to the victory of the Prussian army at Königgratz. They owed Trieste and the recovery of the Trentino to the combination of diplomacy, propaganda, French heroism, British tenacity and American economic power and credulity which won the World War. The British and American peoples will be obliged to pay over $150,000,000 a year for scores of years for the privilege of assisting Italy in emancipating the last remnant of Italians from the Austrian yoke. In the light of this reiterated dependence on foreigners for their own national emancipation and expansion Italians should recognize a peculiar obligation to treat national minorities within their borders justly and to place a modest and equitable interpretation on the Italian national mission. A great Italian during the days of Italy's humiliation and need gave the first eloquent and luminous expression to the national idea as the antithesis of imperialism and the blood brother of democratic self-government and international institutions. Mussolini's philosophy is the opposite of Mazzini's, but Mazzini's is the more workable, as Italy will learn to her cost.

A government like that of Mussolini can hardly survive for long in contemporary Europe. The European peoples are beginning a process of economic and political conciliation which will end in some form of loose customs union and political federation. They must do it. Internal order and popular welfare have come to depend upon the creation of institutions which presuppose the essential interdependence of European nations. It is a long and stormy voyage on which they are starting. Its success will be compromised by many crises and retarded by many setbacks. But the obstacles, formidable as they are, will probably be overcome by the virtue of one compelling reason. The consequences of a perpetuation of the present legalized dissension will be so threatening that when confronted by them the European statesmen will recoil in horror and resume their constructive labors. The work will probably be carried on under the leadership of Germany. The Germans are not by nature or practice politically and economically more constructive than their neighbors, but the predicament in which they are left by the Treaty of Versailles will force them to take the intiative in subordinating national separatism to the union of Europe. They cannot regain their own independence until the whole of Europe is, comparatively speaking, disarmed and unified. It was doubtless the anticipation that a pacific Germany was entering the League and regaining her influence in Europe which prompted Mussolini's original outburst. He knows that if the task begun at Locarno is pushed towards completion, there will be no place in the social economy of Europe for his brand of Italian national egotism.

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Does Regulation Regulate?

DOES regulation of privately owned public utilities protect the consumer against paying rates which yield extravagant profits to promoters and investors? Discussion of this subject is occasioned from time to time in our columns in connection with such subjects as the present controversy over private versus state development of hydro-electric power in New York, theories of valuation, Muscle Shoals, and so on. Occasionally evidence comes to hand which furnishes a quantitative answer to this question. We have just received some in the shape of testimony by the Attorney General of Pennsylvania at a legislative hearing, concerning the ten leading companies which own almost all the public utilities of that state.

Before quoting this evidence it will be helpful to summarize briefly the general economic theory of utility regulation. While complicated in application, this theory is simple in essence. A public utility furnishes a common necessity to the population. It is usually a monopoly; it would be in a position to practice extortion if its prices were not regulated. The government therefore limits its rates. Of course it would be both unjust and short-sighted for the government to go to the other extreme by setting rates so low that the investors did not receive a "fair" return, and so that new capital could not be attracted when necessary. But a "fair" return in the case of a public utility is supposed to be low in comparison with the returns often received in other lines of business, because of its greater regularity and security: the nature of the business is such that it has a maximum of safety. Speculative profits are theoretically barred. One would suppose that if an investor in a public utility regularly received an average of about 8 percent on the money he put into it, and could get back his principal intact, he ought to be satisfied.

Now the shareholders of these ten Pennsylvania companies owned in 1920 stock worth $152,204,361.75, judged by the market value of that stock at the highest prices quoted for it in that year. The same stock, plus the new shares accruing to its owners through splitting up or stock dividends—but not including new shares sold by the companies or exchanged for valuable considerations—was worth, at the highest market quotations of 1925, $450,469,596.75. This represents an appreciation in value of the investors' principal amounting to $298,265,235.00, or 195.96 percent in five years. Few highly speculative unregulated industries could show larger capital gains in a like period. If we ignore entirely the new money put into these concerns the consumers are thus bearing the burden of dividends on an almost trebled capital value. If we include also the new capital raised by the sale of stock—which of course must have appreciated to some extent after its sale as the old stock went up—we find that the market value of the total share capital has increased by $441,110,116.25 or 289.81 percent since 1920. The consumers are now paying dividends on $593,314,478 worth of stock instead of on $152,204,361.75 as in 1920.

This is the aggregate of the ten companies. Some of the individual ones show an even more astonishing record. Shares of the American Water Works and Electric Company, for instance, which sold at 3½ in 1920, brought 340⅝ in 1925—allowing for a five to one split in November, 1924. The stock outstanding in 1920 was worth $322,000. Taking the split into account, the same stock was worth $33,210,937.50 in 1925—an increase of 10,213.9 percent. Shares of the General Gas and Electric Company appreciated 3,659.1 percent, of the Lehigh Power Section Corporation 2,564.2 percent, of the United Gas and Electric Company 1,733.3 percent.

What accounts for such terrific increases? We have not examined the individual cases, but we can make some good guesses, as Stuart Chase did in a recent article in our columns pointing out a similar phenomenon in the case of national holding companies. Undervaluation in 1920, caused by previous delay in raising rates as prices of labor and materials went up, can doubtless be cited as a partial cause—though a comparatively unimportant one. Against this must be set subsequent delay in reducing rates which had been raised as a result of the inflation period, after lower prices came again. Probably more important is the rapidly increasing technical efficiency which decimates cost of production. The utilities manage to get the lion's share of such gains through reappraisals of their capital value on the basis of intricate theories which their able and well paid counsel induce the courts to accept. Whatever may be the legal justification of such theories, the proof of the pudding is in the eating. When privately owned utilities can make profits which result in such huge gains in the market value of their shares, something fundamental is the matter with regulation. The public is justified in turning to public ownership as the only sure preventive of monopoly extortion so long as the utilities succeed in reaping as large profits as private industries.

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Europe's Problem of Government

THROUGHOUT Europe there is a strange reaction which must strike the careful observer as one of the most important phenomena of the post-war days. Since the middle of the last century Parliament as an institution, and democracy as a system of government, have hardly been challenged until now. They were accepted, if not always in practice, at least in theory. They were taken for granted, and no discussion of their merits was permitted to those who desired to escape the reputation of eccentricity. There were of course heretics but they were rare, had no influence, and could safely be ignored. Largely as a result of the tremendous upheaval of the War, Parliament is becoming discredited in Europe, and democracy is being pelted with hard names.

Nobody who has followed French finances, and French domestic administration generally, day by day, in and out, up and down the labyrinthine ramifications, can possibly doubt that the principal cause of French troubles is politics, and the cure for French troubles would be the suppression of politics. There is in reality no financial problem. A problem is surely something which seriously taxes human ingenuity: if its solution is to be found at all, it is to be found only by the most painful cogitation. A conundrum propounded which any competent person can answer without hesitation, is no conundrum. The Sphinx is not in France: it is not the Sphinx which devours Finance Minister after Finance Minister. They could all reply more or less satisfactorily to the questions put to them—Clémentel, de Monzie, Caillaux, Painlevé, Bonnet, Loucheur, Doumer, all of whom have strutted their little hour on the stage during the past twelve months. But when they give their reply, sometimes good, sometimes indifferent, sometimes poor, a pack of politicians fall upon them like hungry wolves. There is a noble meaning which might be applied to the words politics and politicians, but in the narrowest meaning the words imply self-seeking, ambition, rivalry, intrigue, destructiveness, perpetual conflict, and disregard for the public weal. Thus interpreted, and thus exercised in the Parliamentary Assembly, politicians and politics have aroused a great disgust in France, and men are beginning to ask whether popularly elected bodies can stand the test of critical times. Parliament, which one had placed beyond serious attack, is now on trial.

Let it not be supposed that I, too, have fallen into heterodoxy. Merely do I wish objectively to set out the facts. Europe, as a whole, is experiencing a crise de régime. Of the Balkans, where parliamentarism has never been firmly established, it is almost unnecessary to speak; but one may recall that Greece has a dictatorship, that Bulgaria has passed through a reign of terror, that the Hungarian scandals involve the highest-placed persons. Nowhere in the Balkans will you find true parliamentary government. In Czecho-Slovakia quarrels of language and of race, producing a multiplication of parties, render rulership precarious. In Belgium there is a bizarre coalition of Catholics and Socialists—a curious combination which sufficiently shows to what desperate straits Parliament is reduced. Even Holland is wrestling with grave difficulties; and in Switzerland the parliamentary institution is bitterly assailed. From time to time one hears rumors of a dictatorship which is being prepared in Poland. Russia, in rejecting Tsardom, also rejected the old conceptions of representative government, and a handful of men strive for supremacy. Spain is held together by a military dictatorship. Fascism in Italy has become, for the greater part of Europe, an example. The spectacle of Mussolini saving his country from disintegration, chasing the old gang of politicians from the seats of office, is looked upon with envy. When Germany was in distress, with the mark plunging to zero, did she find in Parliament the strength to resist the ruin that was overwhelming her? No. She had to submit herself to a foreign commission, and after the Dawes Report there was erected a formidable machinery managed by Americans, British, Dutch, and other financial dictators who limited the national sovereignty. In the same way Austria was rescued by outside forces. It would be easy to continue this enumeration of European nations, and to demonstrate that nowhere, except in England, where the parliamentary tradition is ancient and indigenous, has the national Parliament contrived unaided to bring order out of disorder. On the contrary, everywhere the clash of parties and the incompetence of the elected person have increased chaos. There was confusion, but that confusion has been worse confounded by the disagreements of Parliament.

It is not therefore surprising that men who are to be numbered among the élite are turning toward a system of government which has hitherto generally been condemned. However wrong they may be in their hankering after dictatorship, it is certain that something has gone wrong with the parliamentary mechanism. What one is obliged to ask is whether democracy is to perish with parliamentarism, or whether on the contrary it can survive by eliminating or modifying parliamentarism. Democracy itself is being mocked. The younger men in many countries are declaring that anyone who would obtain the suffrages of the majority has to appeal to ignorance, prejudice, mediocrity. Elevated opinions, truly informed views, cannot appeal to the masses. One has deliberately to stoop down to the average level of intelligence. To be a little

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ahead of the electorate is fatal. Politics is the art of availing oneself of public misconceptions. In the pyramid of society the greatest breadth is at the bottom.

These observations, though possessing a certain truth, are not altogether valid. There is indeed a profound wisdom in the instincts of the common people. But clearly, in the eyes of European thinkers today, Parliamentarism means demagogy. There is an extraordinary revival of the idea of authority. Extremes meet, and we find that those who are preaching this doctrine of authority are sometimes revolutionary and sometimes reactionary. Between Fascism and Bolshevism there is perhaps no fundamental difference. M. Gonzague de Reynold in a suggestive essay on this subject recently said: "If democracy is still capable of reformation, it must cease to be political and become social. Perhaps the formula of the future is: a power composed of limited competencies, each of which will be almost absolute within its limits." Whatever may be thought of such a formula, it is certain that in the exceptional circumstances which we are traversing there is an obvious lack of "competencies," and that Parliament furnishes a sorry sight with its agitation of conflicting "incompetencies." One may be properly sceptical of the uncontrolled technician, but one must admit that the politician who has a game to play may, in crucial moments of history, be disastrous.

The trouble with France is that nobody is capable of imposing a comprehensive scheme of financial rehabilitation upon the country. Such a scheme could be framed. It would be unpopular. But it would be efficacious. Where is the Strong Man who can insist upon it? The country clamors for him. The country is ready for sacrifices, but it cannot voluntarily effect such sacrifices. So democracy goes about like Diogenes looking for a man, and this is especially ominous in a country which has suffered much from Strong Men. Three things must be done and they can be done. First, the budget must be rigorously balanced: this requires stern economies and adequate, equitable and efficiently collected taxation. Second, the floating debt must be consolidated: this means probably the constitution of a sinking fund, but above all it means a return of confidence. Third, the franc must be stabilized: with the proper employment of the gold reserves this would be a comparatively facile operation. These three things, though calling for care and a fair distribution of the burden among the various classes of the community, are theoretically possible. They should have been accomplished a year ago when the rot began to set in. They could have been accomplished at any time, had not the parliamentary groups been engaged in an astonishing fight, intent on tripping each other up, indulging in machinations, conspiracies, abortive and interminable discussions.

Outside Parliament, such bodies as the Radical Congress and the Socialist Council, plotted and issued their pronunciamentoes. Inside Parliament, the Finance Commission smashed every proposal, and dismissed minister after minister. The successive governments, manœuvring for a majority, were afraid to assert themselves. Had they stood up boldly to the extra-parliamentary organizations, to the Commissions, to the groups, to the Chamber, it is almost certain that they would have been able to have enforced their will. Unfortunately there was a bankruptcy of men, of vision, of will. The consequence was that the public grew resentful and deeply distrustful, condemning Parliament utterly. Surely, it was asked, France will not be obliged to accept, like Germany, a Dawes Report?

The most remarkable spirit of anti-parliamentarism developed. Associations were formed which professed themselves ready to seize the reins. There was talk of a coup d'état, but in fact there were several coups de Bourse. The great producers went over the head of Parliament and addressed an appeal to the President of the Republic—an unusual course in France, where the President is impotent and irresponsible, and where the Prime Minister alone possesses executive power. Parliament was requested to renounce by a solemn act its initiative in financial matters. French commerce and industry plainly expressed their belief that Parliament cannot be trusted to carry out its duties. Therefore, if it wishes to continue its incessant strife, with its vicissitudes of majorities, it should frame an organic law restricting its activities, and place the essential services under the direction of the great moral and economic forces of the country.

The proposals which emanated from manufacturers of the North have been scoffed at but they are symptomatic. They consisted in an expression of willingness to mortgage the factories of the North in order that a gigantic loan might be raised. There are unquestionably Frenchmen who are not afraid of inflation—in the course of a year France has inflated by seventeen and a half milliards upon forty-one—but the vast majority of Frenchmen are strenuously opposed to inflation which they recognize to be a slippery slope leading to the abyss. From every quarter of the country come propositions, appeals, generous offers. Nobody can doubt that France is anxious to do whatever is necessary to regain her financial footing; but Parliament, instead of directing these admirable sentiments, these excellent intentions, muddles along without a plan. The Bloc National Parliament was bad enough, but the Parliament of the Bloc des Gauches has shown an almost incredible incapacity. It has preoccupied itself with inopportune disputes. It has been lamentably unable to make up its mind. One regrets to have to write in these terms, because the Bloc des Gauches in the field of foreign affairs did fine work. Yet it is useless to do fine work in the field of foreign affairs, if such impuissance is to be displayed for such a prolonged period in domestic matters.

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It will be gathered that I am at once optimistic and pessimistic with regard to the future of France. After the closest study of the financial problem I assert emphatically that the position is by no means hopeless. But the political problem is disquieting, and behind the political problem is the social problem. If there is prolonged drifting it is impossible to predict the consequences. One has the impression of being in a ship on which a fire has broken out: it could be extinguished before much damage is done: but the crew is at sixes and sevens, is holding palavers, is even exchanging blows. Therefore one cannot but demand whether the parliamentary system is, in exceptional conditions, workable; and wonder what in Europe will be its fate and the fate of democracy.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

Paris.

Art in Education—and Education in Art

IN a recent review of an inspiring book, Whitehead's Science and the Modern World, limitations of space compelled me to omit reference to many of its significant considerations. One of these was a plea for the inclusion of æsthetic appreciation in the scheme of life and of education. The plea is the more significant because based on a fundamental philosophical principle, not just upon miscellaneous eulogies assembled ad hoc. To quote some of his own words:

> There is something between the gross specialized values of the practical man, and the thin specialized values of the mere scholar. Both types have missed something; and if you add together the two sets of values, you do not obtain the missing elements. What is wanted is an appreciation of the infinite variety of vivid values achieved by an organism in its proper environment. When you understand all about the sun and all about the atmosphere and all about the rotation of the earth, you may still miss the radiance of the sunset. There is no substitute for the direct perception of the concrete achievement of a thing in its actuality. We want concrete fact with a high light thrown on what is relevant to its preciousness.

Art and æsthetic appreciation is what is missing, "art" denoting any selective activity by which concrete things are so arranged as to elicit attention to the distinctive values realizable by them.

Æsthetic appreciation and art so conceived are not additions to the real world, much less luxuries. They represent the only ways in which the individualized elements in the world of nature and man are grasped. Science assumes *that* there are such individual realizations in which something exists immediately for its own sake, but it passes over *what* they are: it does so because its business is elsewhere, namely in the relations which they have to other things. Without æsthetic appreciation we miss the most characteristic as well as the most precious thing in the real world. The same is true of "practical" matters, that is, of activity limited to effecting technical changes, changes which do not affect our enjoyable realizations of things in their individualities. Modern preoccupation with science and with industry based on science has been disastrous; our education has followed the model which they have set. It has been concerned with intellectual analysis and formularized information, and with technical training for this or that field of professionalized activity, a statement as true, upon the whole, of the scholar in the classics or in literature or in the fine arts themselves as of specialists in other branches.

The result is disastrous because it strengthens the tendency to professionalism, or the setting of minds in grooves. "The fixed person for the fixed duties, who in older societies was such a godsend, in the future will be a public danger." The physical celibacy of the learned class of the Middle Ages is now repeated in a "celibacy of the intellect divorced from the concrete contemplation of the complete facts." Again, the outcome is disastrous because it leads men to take abstractions as if they were realities. The social effects are seen in traditional political economy with its abstractions from concrete individual human lives, the theory only reflecting, however, the actual abstractions which reign practically in industry. It is disastrous because it has fixed attention upon competition for control and possession of a fixed environment rather than upon what art can do to *create* an environment; and because it has led to the middle-class complacent regard for comfort and security in a moving world, while "in the immediate future there will be less security than in the immediate past, less stability." It is disastrous because civilization built upon these principles cannot supply the demand of the soul for joy, or freshness of experience; only attention through art to the vivid but transient values of things can effect such refreshment. Such refreshments, themselves transient, yet discipline the inmost being of man, a discipline "not distinct from enjoyment, but by reason of it," since they shape the soul to a permanent appreciation of values beyond its former self.

Such an indictment of existing culture upon both its scientific and industrial sides with the claim that

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æsthetic appreciation inspired by art is the missing element, raises the question of the intrinsic connection between education and the arts. In a recent review, Mr. Leo Stein made an adverse criticism of the book on The Art in Painting written by Mr. A. C. Barnes, on the ground that the book was unfavorably affected by Mr. Barnes's interest in education as exemplified in his creation of the Barnes Foundation as an educational institution.* The assertion raises in its implications the question of what painting as an art is in relation to education. Is art in painting so foreign to education and education so foreign to art that they must be kept apart, or is art intrinsically educative, intrinsically, by its very existence, and not by virtue of any didactic purpose to which it is subordinated? The answer to the question is clear enough from the standpoint of such a philosophy as that of Mr. Whitehead. The book and the Foundation which it represents propound the question in a definite form which properly affords the point of departure for a more specific consideration of the general theme.

The book is written from the conviction that art as displayed in painting is inherently educative. But paintings do not educate at present till we are educated to enjoy, to realize, their educative potentialities. The need of prior education flows from many sources. Part of the reasons are stated in what has been drawn from Mr. Whitehead: the submergence of æsthetic appreciation by the ruling tendencies of our present culture. We are unconsciously educated away from art in painting in advance. But they are also more specific. They spring from the disposition of artists, or at least "connoisseurs," to set art on a pedestal, to make of it something esoteric, something apart from values inherent in all experiences of things in their full integrity, and something apart from the constant needs of the everyday man. This attitude is fostered in turn by the customs of institutionalized museums and the habits of professional critics. The celibacy of the intellect has found its way into galleries and histories of art, into books about painters and paintings. The strong social current setting against æsthetic realization is reinforced by influences which not only give the would-be enjoyer of paintings no directive assistance, but which actually confuse and mislead. For they fix observation upon everything except what is vital—the eliciting of attention to the distinctive values realizable in all things, when these values are selected and heightened by the painter's eye and hand. The book in question attempts, as does the educational Foundation, a reversal of this process.

Since Mr. Stein omitted in his review to state the principles by which Mr. Barnes achieves the reversal, I may be excused for stating them. One of them is that the painter realizes the heightened appreciative enjoyment of the scenes of nature and human life by thorough-going integration of the elements proper to painting, namely, color, including light, line, spatial arrangement, the latter including surface pattern, solidity and depth. Plastic form or design is the result of the merging, the interpenetration of these elements, and is not to be identified with the effect of any one of them taken by itself—which, in fact, only leads to an overaccentuation of some one feature detracting from the æsthetic effect of the whole. This interpenetration or integration is then the vital thing, comparable to what, in Mr. Whitehead's terminology, is the interplay of individual values such that every part of the whole reflects the aspects of every other part, as the whole reflects aspects of nature extending far beyond the scene specifically displayed. To be educated for the educative function of paintings is thus to learn to see this integration in the whole and in its every part. The other element in education is recognition of a continuing tradition which works in the individual artist, but not by way of enslavement—which defines academic art. Every significant painter in respecting and using the tradition adds something to it from his own personal vision and emotion, and his addition is qualitative, transforming.

Such a statement as has just been made is, of course, merely preliminary; by itself it is nothing. It becomes something by being applied in detail to the definite analysis of a large number of paintings from the time of Giotto to the present day. We come back to the two questions already asked. In the first place, is art intrinsically an education and an imperatively needed education of the human being? In the second place, is education needed to help human beings to see paintings so that their educative function may be realized? I am loath to believe that Mr. Stein would answer either of these questions in the negative; I do not suppose he belongs to the esoterics who would treat art in paintings or elsewhere as a mystery for the few. In this case, difference in appraisal of particular artists or paintings means little or nothing in itself. For the essence of what Mr. Barnes offers is method and a criterion based on that method. If the method is right then errors in specific appraisals must be corrected by the use of the method.

Method means or is intelligence at work; denial of the existence of any attainable method signifies, therefore, continuation of the present chaos and impotency of æsthetic appreciation: that is, continued non-performance of that educative function from absence of which our civilization is suffering so disastrously. I shall not obtrude my own opinion as to the worth of the method. But the existence of the Foundation and the book which presents its leading ideas of method are a challenge. They assert that æsthetic appreciation inspired and directed by art is a rightful and imperatively urgent demand of the common man; they assert that method, intel-

* The New Republic, Winter Literary Section, Dec. 2, 1925.

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ligence, may be employed not just by a few critics for the delectation or information of a small circle, but so that everyone may be educated to obtain what art in paintings has to give. They make the latter assertion by proffering in general and in detail a method, showing it in operation. They raise therefore a problem of immense importance in education, a problem intimately and vitally connected with the greatest weakness in existing education, a weakness disastrously affecting every phase of contemporary life. It is this fact which gives the book a quality incommensurate with that of other "treatises" on painting and art and which calls for criticism which is correspondingly out of the usual sort.

JOHN DEWEY.

British Notes

Recorded by a Shivering American Tourist

THESE remarks about the present status of various affairs in Great Britain are being written by an American traveler in those parts: one who has lately passed so much time bent over the little coal fires which our British cousins ironically describe as their "heating system" that he is uncertain whether his back, even if it can be thawed out, will ever be straight again. To be frozen half to death in England is, of course, as much a point of honor with the American as it is for the British visitor to our own shores to endure tropical agonies in our sleeping cars and hotels. That philosophical reflection, however, does not make the process less painful while it is in progress, in either case.

I carefully refrain from labelling my observations with any such brightly journalistic title as, Is England Done For? or The Doom and Death of the British Empire. I have no desire to invite the shower of bricks which would be sure to follow any such performance. The English accept with equanimity phrases like the foregoing, when uttered by local talent; indeed, their stunt press, until very recently, was filled for many months with prophecies of irrevocable disaster, written by leading British publicists and stating firmly that catastrophe lies no further off than just around the next corner. Ask in any drawing-room—assuming you can manage such a cold-blooded query—whether Britain is finished, and you will probably be told, with a smile, "Oh, quite, thanks!" But let any kind foreign friend like George Harvey volunteer the same jolly thought, and promptly the whole United Kingdom leaps up and vents its outraged feelings with long and ululating yowls. If the Empire is tottering, they don't propose to have it mentioned by outsiders.

In their hearts, probably they don't believe the prophets of disaster. Nobody ever does. Always before, England has muddled through; to her sons and daughters that seems a good reason for supposing that she will again. It is true that in recent weeks, the atmosphere has brightened. There is the Locarno pact; there is Mr. Keynes assuring his countrymen that their foreign trade is not mortally ill, is on the contrary convalescent; there is the decrease in unemployment—to not much more than a million. Yet there is still a shadow across England, an undercurrent of apprehension running through the talk of her most thoughtful men. Put together the impressions received from half a dozen such, iron out the natural inconsistencies, and you get something like this:

"Our tremendously important export coal trade is still desperately sick, and likely to remain so. It is hurt by the German coal deliveries under the reparations agreement, by the increasing use of oil, by hydro-electric developments. The 'settlement' with the miners last fall, which was no settlement at all but a subsidized truce, will cost twice as much as was feared—$100,000,000 for the winter. What the final outcome will be, no one now knows.

"Among the recipients of unemployment insurance—which is most unfairly called the 'dole'—are many thousands who are gradually losing their skill and their morale, and becoming not only unemployed but unemployable. The tragic thing is that among these men are thousands who represent the cream of the skilled workers in such highly technical occupations as ship-building, heavy industry and chemical manufacture.

"The future of our overseas trade is beset with storm clouds. The chief dangers are more serious and more permanent than those connected with the sudden and arbitrary return to the gold standard. Germany is coming back into the markets of the world, and we can't forget what a competitor she was before 1914. Now her standards of living and production costs are low, and likely to be kept so because of her virtual enslavement to the Dawes plan.

"The dominions have always been important customers for us. Today they are both developing manufactures of their own, and showing an increasing apathy toward trading with the mother country provided they can get their wants supplied from any other source at a penny less in the pound.

"British goods are out of favor in Egypt, India and China, where boycott is one of the tools of political agitation. In all these countries factories are being built which can and will supply an increas-

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ing proportion of the needs of the local population.

"This matter of overseas trade is no mere capitalists' game, for the British. We have allowed to grow up in these islands a population far larger than could under any circumstances be supported by the resources of our own agriculture. For generations, our whole scheme of existence has been based upon the theory of exporting manufactured goods and importing foodstuffs and raw materials. If our export trade were to suffer a real decline, say to one-half its normal proportions, we should find ourselves with a surplus population of ten or twelve million people whom we could not feed without greatly lowering the standard of living for the whole country.

"It is no wonder then that we display feverish interest in emigration. However, sending surplus people overseas is of course no solution. In the first place, those who are of the least value to the home country are the ones who are most inclined to stay there. Also, the countries to which we can send emigrants are only interested in getting those few persons who are of high moral, physical and financial qualifications. In any case, the largest numbers which could conceivably be transported in the course of a whole generation would be of no importance compared to the size of the problem.

"Italy's experience has conclusively shown that there is no relief from the pressure of population to be had by sending emigrants away. After many years of a huge annual exodus, she finds herself very much worse off than before she began. There is no salvation in emigration unless accompanied by other and drastic measures, such as universal dissemination of knowledge of birth control—something which would take many years, to say nothing of the other obstacles in its way.

"Nor is this the end of England's list of worries. Despite Locarno, we can't help remembering that our cities lie open to aerial attack; and that with successful submarine encirclement we could be starved out in a few weeks' time."

There is another item in the list, about which even those Englishmen are reticent who will talk freely on everything else. The march of events brings with it a steadily increasing antagonism between the working class and the rest of the population. That this should ever result in an actual armed conflict is inconceivable to the British mind; and yet! . . .

The Labor party, to be sure, has been growing markedly more conciliatory and opportunistic as it rolls on its tongue the sweet morsel of Power—Power enjoyed in the past and hoped for again. Yet the Communists are also present, and the industrial situation—on the Clyde, for instance—plays into their hands. From the middle class is now being enrolled a huge army of persons, catalogued, classified and pledged to aid in any way necessary in "the maintenance of the essential services"—that is, to act as strikebreakers in case of a general or almost general strike. There is also a Fascist party, into which the sons of the rich throw themselves joyfully and swear great oaths, and learn military drill, for purposes which they doubtless do not define even to themselves, but which might suddenly emerge in a crisis.

The sort of thinking which England in general is doing is well exemplified by the Empire exhibition at Wembley which closed recently after its second season, with a deficit of several million pounds. Wembley was an appeal, and one which was little less than pathetic in view of all the circumstances, for more trade within the Empire (one rarely hears it called the "Commonwealth"). Canada, Australia, New Zealand et al paraded their wares with the usual exhibition paraphernalia: cows modeled in butter, motion pictures, painted panoramas across which toy trains and wagons jerked and wiggled. The air of the whole place was heavy with that peculiar sentimentalism of the Anglo-Saxon which, seeming always on the point of bursting into maudlin eruption, never does so but goes on boiling away below the surface. This sentimentality was expressed to the nth degree in The Tattoo, a daily show put on by the army during the closing weeks of the exhibition and which, if it had been thought of sooner, would have turned the deficit into a large profit. It was patently designed to recreate in the English people an enthusiasm for militarism and the military man which has been on the wane ever since 1918; and it worked. While young soldiers from historic regiments, gay in the absurd bright uniforms of a bygone era, marched and countermarched, showed off their horses and frolicked with guns, Englishmen and women to the number of 100,000 a night snuffled, cheered, and sang God Save the King quite as badly as audiences on this side of the water sing America. There is little doubt that with many thousands the show was successful in restoring the dying fires of martial spirit. But not with labor; labor remains pacifistic to an extent which must be reckoned with by the present government and its successors.

It would be unfair not to add that The Tattoo was, in spots, genuinely affecting. The best drill was by 400 boys of the Royal Air Force, all in white shorts and gym shirts, very young, bearing themselves proudly, and moving with a precision which makes clockwork seem temperamental. I don't see how anybody who knows the percentage of fatalities in the Air Force in wartime could look at those youngsters without wanting to cry.

Americans, always morbidly sensitive as to what other people are thinking of them, may be interested if not surprised to hear that they are by no means loved in the right little isle just now. One does not find the hatred, ranging from petulance to passion, which is so conspicuous in France; but there

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is an unmistakable general feeling that Uncle Sam isn't pulling his oar as he should. The Man in the Street, discovered temporarily off his post, and interviewed by this correspondent in Simpson's, after an exhausting search through seventeen other bars, reported his grievance as follows:

MAN IN THE STREET: England offered to forgive her debtors on the Continent if America would do as much by her. That was a fair offer, and you refused it.

REPORTER: But that would mean that England would be about as well off as ever, having forgiven a debt most of which is uncollectable, while being let off a debt of about the same size which she is financially able to pay. The American government would lose the whole amount of the British debt, and still be confronted with the task of paying its domestic creditors £4,000,000,000.

MAN IN THE STREET: Well, after all, your people are Englishmen of a sort, aren't they—or Colonials, I mean, at any rate. Dash it, why not behave as such? I mean to say, there's a sort of obligation on the white race to stand together, what? You've been letting us down a bit, you know. Haven't you?

The Man in the Street has another grievance which specialists in the maintenance of international good-will should take into account. I have already mentioned the well known fact that ideas as to the proper temperature of a room differ on opposite sides of the Atlantic. Generally speaking, each country sticks to its own preference, but the American system of central steam or hot water heating has begun to make some inroads in the newer office buildings of London, to the great disgust of the aforesaid M. i. t. S. and all his people. Typical of innumerable protests was the letter to The Times, from A Mother. Her female offspring, it seems, is a typist, and was compelled by the exigencies of her occupation to work all last winter in a building equipped with that noxious American invention, the radiator. And she suffered all winter from a cough!—"Certainly due," said A Mother, "to the fact that she had to endure Central Heating."

Still another cause for complaint against America is receiving a vast amount of attention in the press, though it is one in which the Man in the Street is not much interested. It has to do with our motion pictures. Patrons of the British cinema palaces are quite as moron-minded as their American prototypes; and they show an incorrigible yearning for the worst of Hollywood's canned celluloid product, and particularly those cowboy epics known to the trade as Westerns. Certain British gentlemen look hungrily at the profits which, notoriously, accrue to those who imprison on the celluloid the glycerine tear and manly bosom-heave; but they are given pause by the fact that the cinema palace entrepreneur is interested in Giving the Public What It Wants, and refuses to touch a home-made reel as long as there is a foot of the California product to be had. This annoys everyone who is concerned about encouraging home industry; and especially because American movie-magnates have lately started buying up the best theatres, or building new ones, for the avowed purpose of displaying therein their own wares and none other. In line with the new high tariff policy expressed in the Baldwin duties, there is much talk of a law compelling the British theatre-owner to devote 10 percent of his programs to British-made film; or to compel the Americans to buy the United States rights to one such film for every ten which they send to Great Britain.

The British government, and particularly those portions of it which have to do with African and Asiatic affairs, watch this film quarrel with eager interest. Nothing would please them better than to see an English motion picture enterprise grow up which would drive the American product out of the market in Egypt, India, China and adjacent spots. The natives of these regions show the same avid addiction to Hollywood's worst which is evidenced by the inhabitants of the right little isle; and Hollywood makes its movies with no consideration for the thing which the government thinks of as all-important—maintaining the Sahib's prestige. For generations, the white man in the tropics has maintained his control of men yellow, black and brown, by assuring them that he and all his kind are made of super-mortal stuff; that the Sahib always keeps his word; never lies, or steals—from another Sahib; in short, that his strength is as the strength of ten because his heart is pure. Along comes Hollywood and proceeds to give the show away. It makes films in which Sahibs commit every crime in or out of the calendar. To millions of simple Orientals—simple so far as the ways of the Occident are concerned—the trembling gray shadows of the screen are an authentic and historic record of the Sahib's home life; and their disillusionment on discovering that there isn't any Nordic Santa Claus is a thing which gives H. M. Imperial government indigestion every time the subject is mentioned, which takes place incessantly.

Mr. St. John Ervine, who has visited us and therefore ought to know better, recently added to the sum total of international misunderstanding by uttering a public criticism of the genus Americanus based, so it seems to the present writer at least, on a shallow understanding of the animal. He complained that every time he meets a Yankee tourist, that person, whether male or female and regardless of age, time of day and previous condition of lack of acquaintance, seeks to draw from him his opinion on some profound, subtle and complicated question. At the same time the tourist-thing offers its own views on the matter, views which Mr. Ervine finds unspeakably banal, futile and juvenile. The fact is,

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of course, that the American is merely indulging the national habit of talking philosophy. As a nation we talk it very badly, but it remains our favorite sport, and one which we leap to practice at every opportunity. No one in the world is so fond of talking philosophy as the Yankee—except the Russian; and the latter works up to his central thesis through eight or ten preliminary hours, whereas the American plunges at once to the heart of the matter: "Pleased to meet you; I didn't catch the name? Don't you agree with me that *evolution* necessarily means *progress?*" I burlesque, of course; but within the bounds of essential truth. . . .

The difficulty of Mr. Ervine and others like him is intensified by the fact that Americans talk American. No Englishman really understands our native tongue; interpreters are ever so much more needed than they are between French or Germans and ourselves. That is why British authors never put into the mouth of an American character anything other than weird gibberish—presumably deriving from a faint, incorrect memory of Bret Harte and George Ade, with a touch of erroneous Josh Billings. The most parochial of parochialisms is the notion that you can, offhand and without study, reproduce the speech of a stranger. It is a doctrine in which the Englishman is steeped.

What Mr. Ervine would have understood and welcomed (in so far as an Ulsterman in London is capable of those emotions) would have been conversation about politics. That theme is still the passion of the British Isles. From the lowest to the highest they talk it as incessantly as they drink their tea—which is no half-hearted comparison—It is the national art, recreation and vice.

Nor is politics merely preached; it is practiced with equal unanimity and passion. I shall not soon forget a drawing-room in a smart West End house, which is not a drawing-room at all, but district headquarters for the Labor party. There, day after day, volunteers from the neighborhood gather and plan the tactics of their next assault on the entrenched conservatism which surrounds them. Public meetings are schemed out; circulars addressed, canvasses arranged.

Said a Yankee tourist, curbing for the moment his desire to utter platitudes about absolutes, speaking to the charming hostess with the permanent ink-smudge on her circular-addressing hand: "What hope have you of carrying the district?"

"No hope. We're outnumbered here a hundred to one."

"Yet you keep on campaigning?"

"Of course"—with surprise. "We *believe* in the Labor party."

Which is respectfully submitted to those American faint-hearts who have no interest in joining any political effort unless a victory—a good, thumping victory—is in plain sight. About as far away, say, as the ends of their noses. BRUCE BLIVEN.

Washington Notes

IT is the little things about public men that are often the most interesting and always the most revealing. I do not know of anything that has happened here in the past week more engaging than the apparently authentic report that Mr. Coolidge has developed an extreme sensitiveness over the suggestions thrown out from time to time that he has no sense of humor. Those close to him tell me that no other form of criticism seems to touch him. As a matter of fact, he has had extremely little in the way of unfriendly newspaper attack either since his accession to the Presidency or before. His extraordinary capacity for doing nothing is one of the things that has protected him from assault. The other thing has been his luck, through geographical location and political inheritance, to have been uniformly with the majority. He never to my knowledge—and I have, both here and in Massachusetts before he ever came here, kept in pretty close touch with his career—has been seriously attacked by a newspaper. So far as recollected by any friend or as revealed by any biographer he never himself attacked anyone politically or personally in his life and has certainly given as little excuse for attacks upon him as anyone who has ever held a public office. All of which makes his tenderness about his sense of humor the more interesting.

While it is true he has never given any occasion for attack it is also true that in Boston in former days, both when he was Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, the newspapers used to poke considerable fun at Mr. Coolidge, or Cal as they then loved to call him. They were wont to stress his extreme solemnity and to intimate, what is the undoubted truth, that a joke or a witticism or a funny story had desperate hard sledding with him. I have seen that sort of thing in the Boston papers many times, but I never heard of Mr. Coolidge resenting it. But he does now. The mere suggestion that he lacks humor fills him with irritation and bile. On the other hand any correspondent who writes a piece in the paper about the "dry humor" of the President or indicates that he has a ready wit cheers him up tremendously. He does not say anything about it, makes no acknowledgment to the writer, but when Sanders or Clark or Crawford shows him the clipping his petulance disappears for the whole day. Will Rogers, who has twice written that the President has a real sense of humor, can have an ambassadorship if he wants it. At least that is what they say around the White House. As for the fellow, whose name I forget, recently quoted as saying that as a young man Mr. Coolidge was a really funny person full of wit and humor, I expect almost any day to read of his appointment to some big federal board. It interests me—this recently developed sensitiveness of the President about his sense of humor. I may be all wrong, but it does seem to me that if he had any he would not be sensitive about it. (I hope he does not see that.)

To get away from Mr. Coolidge for awhile: it may be of interest to mention here a member of the House who plays an exceedingly important part in the running of that body, but who up to date has got exceedingly little

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outside credit and practically no publicity—to wit, Jim Begg of Sandusky, Ohio, a member of Congress for the past ten years.

Jim Begg, those who know most about him tell me, is quite a fellow—as acute and skilful a politician as there is in the House and a strong and popular man. But the most interesting thing about him is the allegation that he is the political manager—not to say the political brains—of the Honorable Longworth. It was Jim Begg, I am informed, who "sold" Longworth to the House as Speaker. He it was who beat Madden and guided the steps of Nicholas until he landed him the caucus nomination. There is a widespread impression that Longworth takes no political action or attitude without consultation with Jim Begg, and that it is Jim Begg who is managing what many think is Longworth's preliminary campaign for the Presidency—a campaign which if it does not bear fruit, because of Mr. Coolidge, in 1928, will be that much riper in 1932. I know the general impression is that Longworth's real manager is someone else, but my information is that it is Begg. He is an interesting fellow, this Begg. More ought to be known about him. He seems almost too modest to have made a Speaker and be behind a potential presidential candidate. I recommend him as a subject to some of the character delineators in the press gallery.

About the most ridiculous things that occur in Washington these days are the so-called Democratic conferences. Every now and then a group of Democratic Senators, together with the serious and solid Hull and the gusty and garrulous Oldfield, gather in somebody's office or after dinner at somebody's house to "discuss policies" and to "frame a party program." Either it is Franklin Roosevelt stopping off in Washington on his way to Florida or B. M. Baruch stopping off on his way up from Hobcaw, his 26,000-acre place in South Carolina. The passage through here of either one of these men in either direction invariably serves as an excuse for a conference. Both love to gather around them a half a dozen or so of these dispirited and disgusted Democratic Senators and Representatives and "pep them up," give them a good selling talk, tell them exactly what they ought to do to be saved. These conferences are always more or less secret and they occur about eight times a year—four with Roosevelt, four with Baruch. They pass through here just about that number of times on these trips South and back.

One curious and interesting thing is that they never come together and another curious and interesting thing is that by no chance is the advice they unload upon the dispirited and discouraged Democratic leaders ever identical. More than that, it is never concrete. More than that, when they leave, the conference has changed the situation in no particular whatever—except to leave Senator Walsh looking slightly more disconsolate and grief-stricken than before—if possible. He can, I think, beat any man in Washington in the matter of looking woe-begone.

My idea of complete futility is trying to find a unifying issue for the Democrats in Congress. After they threw away their chance to kick the bunk out of this Mellon tax bill and exhibit its fallacies and false pretense to the people, there remained nothing upon which it was worth while to unite. When, as the opposition party, it failed to oppose squarely on the tax issue, it ceased to be an opposition party and has become a Yes, Yes party to the Republicans—as much dominated as the latter by the fabulously wealthy Mr. Mellon. What is the use of fooling with a set of leaders like that? It may interest Mr. Baruch and Mr. Roosevelt to stop off here and "confer." It may please them to have their advice listened to with respect, but it does not mean anything and no one is fooled. At the time these Democratic leaders needed advice neither Mr. Baruch nor Mr. Roosevelt was here to give it—and if they had been it would not have been the right advice.

Washington. T. R. B.

Goat Song

Goat Song, by Franz Werfel, translated by Ruth Langner. The Guild Theatre, January 25, 1926.

THE difficulties of managing the right degree of noise, tempo, visual movement, underscoring of points and isolation of the various dramatic motives in Goat Song make a problem as hard as Euripides's Bacchæ, which the play is so much like and which it so obviously descends from. So that no matter how good the production may be, to add the published play* to the performance at the Guild Theatre is a help.

Goat Song is hard to talk about because it employs a language of inherited symbols that speak by combinations among themselves, exactly as we combine word-symbols, to express ideas. If you are familiar with these symbols in Goat Song, its language at least is easily read and not impossible to speak.

The scene of Goat Song is Slavic, the time the revolutionary epoch at the end of the eighteenth century. We see the betrothal of a youth and maiden, she is left at her future home until the wedding. There is a locked hovel on the farm from which the smoke rises but the use of which is a mystery. The maiden is curious about it, the youth through all these years has never dared ask his parents this secret. From the parents and the physician we learn that twenty-three years ago the wife has given birth to a monstrosity, which neither she nor her husband has ever looked at, but which she has passionately loved, more, in fact, than her other son. The doctor begs to be allowed to take away the creature to some institution suited to the purpose. The parents fear the discovery of their shame, the mother refuses to give up what she loves. The doctor goes to inspect the monster. Stevan, the father, decides to kill this creature and remove the blight from his son's future. He finds that the doctor has forgotten to lock the door and the monster has escaped. In the second act we see a council of landowners before whom is brought the question of the outcasts and the emigrants come from abroad who are demanding a share of the country. Troubles threaten. Stevan enters with his gun, frenzied; he is deaf to everything but his own fear and shame. The old servant who has nursed

* Goat Song, by Franz Werfel, transalted by Ruth Langner. New York: Doubleday Page and Company. $1.

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the monster comes to say that he is gone; Stevan rushes out to the hunt.

The third act shows the outcasts, their revolutionary dreams, their superstition of wild gods and places, their future leader, the student Juvan, returned to his country, scornful of his own purposes, of the landlords, of the revolutionaries. The maiden and her betrothed come, we see that she and Juvan will love each other. The monster is taken by the peasants and revolutionaries to be the redeeming wild god. Juvan becomes their leader. We have a scene in the church before the high altar, behind which the monster is confined, bound and worshiped at once. Juvan dares the maiden to go in and confront the monster. Her betrothed shielding her is killed. She goes. There is a terrible cry of love from the monster. The crowd disperses, the janissaries are coming. In the last act there is the quiet after the storm. Everything has been pillaged and burnt. We see the two parents, freed of their shame and of their pride, happy at last. The maiden is with them. The Jewish peddler brings the monster in a cart, he will exhibit him for pennies. Juvan the student is brought through on the way to execution, the two speak together for the last time. The maiden remains with the parents; in her body she carries the seed of the monster, whose wild spirit shall not die from the world.

To recount the play at such length in so short a review is dull but necessary. Werfel's story absolutely expresses his idea. In the language of its ideal and traditional symbols or themes the story speaks for itself. There is the Pan symbol, the shy creatures, half man, half beast, of the ancient forests and disordered grassy places; and, beyond Pan, Dionysos, the rout, the enthusiasm, the bursting of barriers, the breaking down of a soul's entity in desire toward what is outside it; the frenzy, revolution, ecstasy by which man either is destroyed or is redeemed by losing his life to find it; the due balance of the two parts of man, that by which in the midst of millions like him he retains his own identity, that by which he participates in the beautiful alluring life, unchainable, not to be denied, drawing men to madness and orgiastic rage. There is the theme of the power within all forms to break them down; the theme of the desire, like the ravening ambition of a king, of each form to be supreme and undying; the theme of the virgin impregnated by the god, and the miraculous conception; there is the theme of that emanation from quivering nature, formless but visible, horrible but full of majesty, blasting all that meets it, like the vision of the Whole in one. In the language of these Goat Song speaks.

Euripides with his play enjoyed two advantages over Werfel with his. For one thing he found at hand a system of ideas into which his Dionysian theme of individual rapture, revolt, destruction, redemption, could easily establish itself in a just proportion. For another he did not have to contend, as Goat Song does, with a Northern literalness. The origin of this theme is Mediterranean, and at its source there was no question of is it or is it not so? of fact and fiction, but only the question as to what was expressed. Goat Song keeps within the realm of literal fact; this monster is only a freak, though to the peasants and revolutionaries he represents a god of violence, change and onsweeping life. Goat Song is realistic detail that is charged with poetic meaning and fired with imaginative power. The Bacchæ is supernatural, mythical, miraculous. Goat Song has nothing in it that is not possible; its miracle is no less intense but radiates from the actual. Its tone is less remote, magnificent, shining and final than the Greek but infinitely more human, more violent and more stirred with a pathetic sense of the human mind in the midst of chaotic universal elements, in the midst of a world of nature that is an eternal child at play.

In Goat Song the Theatre Guild has given us the most important play of the season. Mr. Ben-Ami's direction is technically sincere, marked by good faith and seriousness among the actors individually and by ensembles that are now and again admirable. The performance might wisely still be pointed up for its main motives; now and then we seem unprepared for what develops, the texture of motives is confusing. Sometimes, however, this is the author's fault, the structural emphasis is thin—in the scene, to take one example, where the girl goes to confront the monster, the meanings behind her action are profound and true to the love motive between her and Juvan and to the play's idea of the driving desire in us toward the fire of life. But when Juvan asks why she does this deed, her reply is,

Robber! I fling away your booty!

Thinking back we know what the line means; in the inn scene Juvan had said that he cared nothing for possessions but to steal them, for booty only to throw it from him. But when we hear such an answer given at such a crisis we have only the effect either of caprice on the maiden's part or on the dramatist's of mere elaborate device or imagery, too slight in mass for the moment.

Mr. Lee Simonson's settings are the best that he has done since The Failures two years ago, and though they employ the same scheme as in The Failures, the same black space within which we see the essential section of the scene, the new designs are more imaginative and decorative, especially the picture of the councilmen seated, as if it were an antique fresco, at the table in their skirted coats and many colors against the rich wall. Of the large cast Miss Lynn Fontanne, trying a new genre for her of harsh and tragic directness, advances to fine work in her last scene; Miss Helen Westley as the old nurse who had suckled the monster is admirable. Mr. Alfred Lunt, remarkable as the student in his first half-hour, lacks power later on, uses a nasal but unmasterful tone and has traces even of a misplaced foreign accent. Mr. Edward Robinson does his poignant and grotesque Jewish part uncannily well, unless it be that he needs to blend it more into the surrounding tone. Mr. Albert Bruning, intrusted with the drama's rational theme, in the person of the physician, rather muddles the stress of his ideas. Mr. George Gaul as Mirko's father, is unequal, sometimes excellent, sometimes driving too hard for his powers, as Miss Blanche Yurka tends also to do, though her work on the whole is tense and memorable. Mr. Dwight Frye as Mirko, the youth who has grown up in the sordid shadow of his parents' secret shame and who is now tormented with an unrequited love for the girl betrothed to him, gives what is, as acting, the most intact and complete performance in the play.

STARK YOUNG.

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The Exhibition of Tri-National Art

WHEN you have done with that latest work on Relativity or on the Theory of Quantum, and the once so solid universe has vanished (in what, before Doctor Watson, you dared to call your "mind") into a mere congeries of spaceless, timeless, substanceless vibrations, go to the Wildenstein Galleries* and bask in the certainties of these artists. You will be relieved. For these are men who hold to a reality or are resolved to re-establish it, once more.

From Picasso to Walkowitz, from Laurencin to O'Keeffe, it is amazing how harmonious most of these painters and sculptors are, in their formal purpose, even in their formal use of color. They are builders of *structure*. Not of architectures or machines: not even, for the most part, of such designs as the fugue or the canon. The structure which they seek to produce is the answer to the chaos which they find about them. It is as if they were plunging through a liquidated world; and as they fall they build—in order to cease falling.

The best of them are workers in a crisis. Confusion of fundamentals is our atmosphere. Emergency in danger is their temper. Their response to the carpers who expect them to be pretty and pleasant is: *We need ground to stand on!* Would you criticize the manners of the man who rescued you at sea? or judge by metropolitan standard the costume of the fireman who led you from a blazing building? If not—and only then—are you in the proper mood to appreciate the contemporary artist.

Mr. de Zayas who arranged the pictures has a gift for caricature. And, in the way of caricature, he exemplifies this point by carefully placing a number of pretty or "academic" paintings among the works of the creators and of the seekers of form. They establish a curious dissonance. Who shall quarrel with dainty ladies flimsily attired and dancing to a rose—or with excellent gentlemen silk-hatted and promenading with a spaniel? But what if you find them at their peaceful antics on the walls of an embattled city? In some such way are men like Charles W. Hawthorne, Childe Hassam, Henri Martin, most of the British, out of place in this tensely serious exhibition.

The capacity of any generation for misunderstanding its art is not mysterious: it is equal to, for it is the same thing as, each man's capacity for ignoring the essence of his soul. How long is it, since you last heard the usual Wise Word about the whole æsthetic movement since Cézanne? "Oh, ho—a Saturnalia of decay! These wistful little artists, so out of touch with the great world; reflecting their defeat, their impotence, their despair. These inadequate anarchists glorifying their own chaos! How lucky it is that we have Solid Science!" Well, your too solid scientific world has melted. Gone is the atom, gone is ether, gone is the whole Mechanism in which, from Aristotle to Newton, man dwelt irrelevant and complacent. The conclusions of our physicists hurl us back, through three thousand years of certainties, to the "vagary" of the Upanishad: our universe is but the Breath of Brahma.

Relation, Vibration, entity of Movement, conformity of impalpable motions into a dream called substance—these are the lean relics of our centuries of science. But these are the precise materials with which the contemporary artist is creating truth and beauty!

The age which produces Picasso, Maillol, Brancusi, Dérain, Braque, Marin (to choose among the men represented in this Show) is not alone an age of Art: it is an age of classical and of religious creation. Only the label-makers, the "word-men" are lacking, that we may know it. These artists are, if anything, too sombrely intent upon their basic purpose. Were the saints more pure to their ideal? Man-Ray extracts the essential line of jazz, and has no time for dancing. Picasso establishes the formal counterpoint in a woman's body, and has no eye for the woman. Brancusi's Bird is the bird at its height: a sort of hero-bird which neither mates, sleeps nor builds its nest—a bird, a bird which soars, which is sheer soaring. One and all, these men make a demand on nature as heroic as their own temper of salvation. One and all, they seem to say: "You, bird; you, woman; you, farm; you, landscape—you are doomed: all of our glamorous dream of earth, sky, men is doomed. Unless you are transfigured—unless you will permit that our spirit of the god burn you pure of your phenomenal dross—of your associations of sentiment, of hierarchy—unless you go to your allotted place as parts of an essential Whole you are doomed. For we assure you, O bodies and sights of nature—you do not exist save in that Whole. The old men who sought to build up their Whole, by adding you together one by one, as you appeared to yourselves, were wrong. You've crumbled and disappeared. The very atoms of your bodies—the very words of your consciousness, have vanished. All that remains is God. If we can reinterpret our tragic memory of you—O bodies and colors of existence—in terms of God, perhaps we can bring you back to life."

Of course, I am saying this in words: the painters are creating this in paint. And the evidence from which I draw my statement is often a wider and more essential knowledge than can be gotten from the fragmentary representations of many of these artists, at the current Exhibition. However, there is enough on view to establish the harmony between them, even if there is not enough to plumb their depths. Here are Spaniards, Frenchmen, Rumanians, Americans, Orientals, tending in the process of their æsthetic toward a single declaration. And it would be a shallow error to believe that this symphonic kinship is due simply to the influence of the schools or of certain men in Paris. Paris for fifty years has been the focus of so much modern art, because men from all the world *were looking in one direction.* Paris is not an influence, it is a confluence. The reason why Cézanne rediscovered El Greco, and why French Colonials brought African sculpture to their metropolis is aside my point. The significant is that the arabesque or body-language of Picasso, the plastic lyres of Maillol and Brancusi, the mosaics of Braque and of Marin, the rituals of O'Keeffe and Man-Ray, the mass-equations of Dérain and Walt Kuhn, and the wilful rhapsodies of Walkowitz and Epstein are so many personalized departures from a common experience and toward a common purpose.

* 647 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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The common experience is that the old static formulæ and bodies wherein western civilization dwelt are gone; and that only relations and the movements of relations are real and are immortal. The common purpose is, to produce from these immediate experiences of relation new bodies (unities) and new forms (faiths and ideas) wherein mankind may dwell and thrive again. And the achievement is already of sufficient stature to presage a modern classic art.

WALDO FRANK.

Fun for Old and Young

An Expressionist Play

AN evening party in the Grand Central: the set shows both interior and exterior.

THE HOSTESS: Nine o'clock and nothing has come yet!

THE HOST: The bootlegger's changed his address. They say he doesn't live there any more!

THE HOSTESS: Have you asked the Information Desk?

THE HOST: No: I was afraid they wouldn't answer.

Mr. X, a guest, arrives. A porter checks his coat.

THE HOSTESS: We've just had a dreadful disappointment: our bootlegger has failed us!

Mr. X opens a suitcase full of Scotch.

THE HOST: A godsend!

THE HOSTESS: Can you spare it?

MR. X: I thought you probably couldn't afford any, knowing how little you make.

Porters rush up with White Rock and ice. They brush everybody off and Mr. X and the Host tip them. Other guests arrive. They tip the porters.

THE HOSTESS: I'm afraid there aren't enough chairs to go round!

A GUEST: There aren't any chairs at all.

ANOTHER GUEST: Oh, well: we can always leave.

The party is broken up and scattered by an automobile convention going back to their homes. Some are swept into westbound trains and carried rapidly to St. Louis, Detroit, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Cincinnati, Kansas City and Cleveland; others are deposited on the lower level, where they get the porters to bring them drinks and start a party of their own; others go to night-clubs and movies. The Hostess encounters a man in horn-rimmed glasses who makes advances to her and tries to entice her into a telephone booth: she hesitates as to whether to yield, but finally decides in the negative. The Host runs into William Randolph Hearst, who is catching a train for California and who makes him feel inferior.

A late guest from out of town encounters a beautiful courtesan in the neighborhood of Fiftieth Street.

THE OUT-OF-TOWN GUEST: Can you tell me the way to the Grand Central?

She walks with him to the corner and shows him the way to the Grand Central.

THE BEAUTIFUL COURTESAN: Now you must give me fifty dollars.

He gives her a bad check.

THE HOSTESS *(encountering the Host):* I see that you have met someone who made you feel inferior.

THE HOST *(biting his nails):* Yes: William Randolph Hearst.

Some of the party have reassembled, with some travelers waiting for trains.

A GUEST: Well, here's to Mr. X, who brought the drinks!

A victrola is turned on, but is too far away to be heard. Several couples begin to dance. A guest begins to fight one of the travelers under the impression that he is a relative whom he dislikes. A man selling sofa-castors holds the attention of the company for an hour by creating the impression that he is a friend of the family, invited to the party. The man with the horn-rimmed glasses endeavors to blackmail the host. One of the ladies is robbed of a necklace of Tecla pearls and a friend, who is jealous of her, tries to induce her to commit suicide. One of the porters brings somebody a bill for the drinks brought by Mr. X. The Host, feeling inferior, throws the Hostess under a train.

A GUEST: The Hostess has been killed.

ANOTHER GUEST: Are you sure that it is she and not merely somebody in the station?

THE FIRST GUEST *(lying):* No.

THE SECOND GUEST: Then we don't need to pay any attention.

A LITERARY MAN: You may perhaps be interested to know that I wrote that book under the influence of aspirin, while running for the Lexington Avenue local. It came to me just as it is and I couldn't change a word of it.

ANOTHER LITERARY MAN: Yes, indeed: I am very much interested and I should like to write a book about you.

Several buildings in the vicinity sink into the ground by reason of their weight; all the people inside are suffocated. All the guests buy newspapers announcing the occurrence; they read about the Rhinelander case. The Grand Central passes under a new management and the permit to hold the party there is no longer valid. One of the guests, who has a brother in the new administration, tries to take the matter up with him; but his brother is too busy to see him. This makes him feel inferior. He and the Host withdraw to a corner and attempt to raise each other's morale; they try to make friends with a porter, but he is busy protecting his interests. As the demolition of the station begins, they are killed by falling beams. A new office building is erected on the site; and Mr. X, whose company has moved there, turns up the next morning at nine o'clock sharp.

EDMUND WILSON.

Winter Field

Sorrow on the acres,
Wind in the thorn,
And an old man ploughing
Through the frosty morn.

A flock of the dark birds,
Rooks and their wives,
Follow the plough team
The old man drives;

And troops of starlings,
A-tittle-tat and prim,
Follow the rooks
That follow him.

A. E. COPPARD.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Is Mr. Mellon Debarred?

SIR: Referring to your article, The Case of Andrew Mellon published in the New Republic for January 20, should it not be pointed out that Mellon is not only unwisely Secretary of the Treasury, but also illegally?

If I am informed correctly, Congress passed a law in 1789, at the formation of the various offices of the Cabinet, providing that the Secretary of the Treasury should never be a man connected with large business interests. That action, I believe, goes on to specify that the Secretary must not be an owner of ships, large property, etc., and provides a penalty for any business man who accepts the position. President Grant attempted to appoint a New York business man for the position, but was held up by Congress on account of this law.

WILLIAM W. BIDDLE.

New York, N. Y.

The Director of the Dybbuk

SIR: . . . There are only a few plays that rob us of an excuse for staying home and even going to the movies and among these few the only play that justifies all the labor given to its production is the Dybbuk. It caught at once the fancy of both the audience and the press and was given an enthusiastic reception. Much is being written about the play, more about its production but I am still waiting for the critic, who will give the due credit to the man who directed and thus interpreted the play, the man without whom, according to the producers, it would have been impossible to translate the mood of the play. I refer to David Vardi. . . .

The Neighborhood Playhouse in its attempt to produce the Dybbuk was more than fortunate in securing the services of David Vardi, Vakhtangov's best pupil and heir, who in the opinion of the members of the Moscow Art Theatre, was the only one here who could tackle the job. Mr. Vardi, a very short time in this country with practically no knowledge of the English language was given the task to create on the English stage an illusion of Jewish life with gentile players, to whom the mood and the character of the play was entirely strange. He had to make them not only understand but feel the play and something really unexpected happened. A company of players, none of them distinguished, has given one of the finest performances of the season. . . .

Vardi's first venture in directing in this country produced a very convincing and intelligent performance, and I think that if given an opportunity he may be a great asset to our stage.

JAN GILEADI.

New York, N. Y.

The Conscription of Wealth

SIR: I trust that Professor Forrest Revere Black's arresting article, The Preparedness Program of the War Department (New Republic, Dec. 16) is receiving the attention it deserves. In connection with it one might well read Mr. Bernard M. Baruch's Taking the Profit Out of War in the January Atlantic Monthly, and also Mr. Sisley Huddleston's An American Plan for Peace (Atlantic Monthly, February, 1925).

The advocacy by the Christian Science Monitor of a constitutional amendment providing for the conscription of wealth in the next war has been widely approved. Both the great parties in their platforms of 1924 endorsed a similar proposal. The American Legion strongly urges the conscription of the nation's entire resources in time of war.

But, as Professor Black says, "the phrase 'conscription of wealth' is ambiguous." He doubts whether it is applicable to the industrial mobilization program of the War Department, although industrial leaders may feel obliged to render it lip-service because of its popularity. Mr. Baruch goes further, explicitly repudiating the conscription of wealth as "a theoretical project, prohibited by our Constitution, contrary to the spirit of our social and political institutions, and impossible in practice." Such vigor in condemning a plan that appeals to almost every candid mind as intrinsically just and reasonable is surprising.

What do these various writers mean by the "conscription of wealth?" However they might answer that question, there is no doubt what the term ought to mean. It properly signifies a pay-as-you-go policy in time of war. Let all war expenses as they arise be met by taxation, not by bond issue. Then those who furnish money, the "sinews of war," will be handed by the government tax receipts, not bonds.

Of course this policy is not prohibited by our Constitution. Is it "contrary to the spirit of our social and political institutions?" Daniel Webster so regarded the conscription of men for war. If, however, we accept the conscription of men for the business of killing and being killed, surely we can not on principle object to the conscription of wealth to the extent necessary to pay for that business. Is wealth more sacred than human life? Is property more valuable than persons?

Would the conscription of wealth be "impossible in practice?" No, but probably practice would never be reached. Let the pay-as-you-go policy be explicitly adopted by appropriate legislation; let it be firmly established that *in case of war there will be no bonds but only tax receipts, and there will not be another war.*

HENRY W. PINKHAM.
Secretary, The Association To Abolish War.

Brookline, Mass.

Helping the Modern Artist

SIR: Perhaps it is *Art* for a cow to become "in the seeing hand of Dove, a coil of bursting inarticulate forces." At any rate the cow's rather astonishing birth and reabsorption into the womb made fascinating reading in the article by Waldo Frank from which I quote. This sort of "creative criticism" has its place I suppose, but isn't it rather a pity to add further to the layman's confusion in regard to modern art? Modern art, if it has dignity, as I believe it has, can stand on its own merit, on its quality, and on that only. The people who do not understand it, will not be helped very greatly by such obstetric fancies. I wonder if those who do understand it, if such there be, really care greatly for them either. I do not pretend to know, but, like a character in a play, I wonder!

MYRA MARINI.

Unwanted Children in China

SIR: The following extract from a letter refers to the experience of an American woman who has been for seven years in China. It is submitted for some of your women readers, in the hope of stirring them to renewed activity in a very important woman's cause.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Pasadena, Calif.

[Enclosure]

"She was invited to visit a very nice high-class Chinese family. The mother was of the old school of broken feet and attendant ignorance. Through one of her daughters who spoke a little English she told this visitor she was mother of sixteen children and please did she know the American lady who told women how not to have so many babies. This Chinese woman was unable to go to Japan when Margaret Sanger was there because her old fashioned husband would not permit—but she gathered enough money to send two other women to Japan. The Chinese government would not allow M. S. to speak there and all the women want to know how it is done. It is funny but tragic. It shows how the women all over the world are thinking along the same lines and realizing that we are for some other purpose than brood-mares."

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The Tangle in the East

American Relations with China. Report of Conference held at Johns Hopkins University, September 17-20, 1925. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. 198 pages. $1.50.

Why China Sees Red, by Putnam Weale. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 337 pages. $3.

China and the West, by W. E. Soothill. New York: Oxford University Press. 216 pages. $3.50.

Occidental Interpretations of the Far Eastern Problem, by H. G. W. Woodhead, Julean Arnold and Henry Kittredge Norton. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 253 pages. $2.

Oriental Interpretations of the Far Eastern Problem, by Count Michimasa Soyeshima and Dr. P. W. Kuo. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 220 pages. $2.

THE most important thing to record concerning such a book as the report of the Conference on American Relations with China is the fact of its existence. Every student of foreign affairs is familiar with the difficulty of getting issues sharply drawn, of bringing the various and idiosyncratic opinions of experts into anything like direct contrast in order to test them against each other. When a number of well informed people, committed to frankness, can debate face to face, they must achieve some clarification. The report of the Baltimore meeting, with preliminary material reprinted and discussion well summarized, gives the reader something of the advantages enjoyed by participants.

Two hundred men and women met together for four days last September, on invitation of an independent group, enjoying the hospitality of Johns Hopkins University, and listened first to reasoned opinions from three distinguished Chinese. Papers on political, commercial, evangelical and legal aspects of the problem were furnished them and groups representing these interests had their say. Liberal recommendations were agreed upon. The United States government was urged to push forward the tariff conference and the extra-territoriality commission, following in principle the Washington Disarmament Conference, and to act independently if other powers should fail to move. Continuation of the work of the Conference in an educational bureau was recommended and provided for.

All this has an air of liberal generosity, but two rather dangerous assumptions appear to have been underlying the remarks of all but a few of the speakers. One was that the present mercantile and investment interests of America in China are intrinsically important; the other that justice to China must be sold at the price of complete protection for these interests. One investor, Mr. E. Stanley Glines, did put it frankly in trying to correct these assumptions when he said, "We don't amount to anything in China." But no one took the trouble to point out that our total exports in a year are no more than 6 or 7 percent of the sales volume of our national sales and our exports to China only about 3 percent of that. No one pointed out the irony implicit in the spectacle of the richest nation in the world haggling with one of its best friends over possible dangers to one-fifth of 1 percent of its year's sales. Whatever clear-headed realism there was in regard to those mysterious "interests" came from the business men themselves, who suggested that our commercial importance in China is almost entirely potential and that not imaginary generosity but simple fairness is the only possible basis upon which we can hope to retain the friendship which will bring practical success.

Two or three speakers did protest sharply against the second assumption: that justice is possible only at a price. Nevertheless, in the final recommendations of the section discussing extra-territoriality, a niggardly prudence appears to prevail.

These complaints because of what strike one reader as the shortcomings of the Baltimore meeting do not impair the value of the report as a basis for study. They may show that there is a good deal still to be hoped for from meetings of the same sort and from the deliberations of other groups which may use this report as a starting point.

The British publicist who calls himself Putnam Weale has the habit of turning out documented and comparatively intelligent books on events in the Far East almost as fast as they occur. His present volume brings us down to September, 1925. His striking title, Why China Sees Red, must be ironic or else a shallow effort to catch the attention of an American public naturally disposed to be friendly toward eastern neighbors. Nothing could be better calculated to make an intelligent citizen of China see red than the point of view he represents, as in his discussion of the cost in men and money at which China could be conquered by a European power and made permanently tributary. The barrier to this, he says, is the "jealousy of the powers and their deep-seated conviction that acquiescence in the independent policy of any one nation would lead to a diminishing of their own activity and a restriction of commercial and political profit."

In surveying the present crisis, he is inclined to make very little of Soviet influence, pointing out that Russian aggressions have been really successful only in Mongolia. A trial of strength may come later along the middle Asian frontiers. Japan, he says, having found political hegemony too difficult, largely because of the obstructions of western powers, has come to consider the mainland as a source of raw materials and a market for manufactures. Japan will for this reason surrender readily any such unimportant trifles as extra-territoriality, but will "force a dozen civil wars" before she concedes tariff autonomy. Developments since Putnam Weale wrote have not disproved this prediction nor have they confirmed it. Only rash unfairness would impute more sinister motives than are necessary to explain Japan's proposal at the tariff conference that China be allowed to enter into separate treaties for different sorts of commerce.

From the standpoint of "common sense" he pays his disrespects to American policy. From the beginning, he believes, we have professed gentle friendliness, but have taken our share of advantages gained by the courageous force of other nations, especially the British. When he says we have been self-righteous and that "thanking God you are not as other men has been too unsuccessfully practiced in the past to serve as a political guide" he points out a fault which has become, we hope, as glaring to us as it is to the rest of the world. But the practical record of our conduct has not been so stupid nor so bungling as he describes it. He credits America with no influence when good has been accomplished and blames us as an all-powerful cause when mistakes have been made. It is foolish to assert that American action in opening Korea made the Sino-Japanese war inevitable unless one is willing to believe that Korea could have remained closed forever in spite of what was happening on every side. And it is naïve to criticize American policy because it is a tussling compromise between honestly liberal goodwill and commercial enterprise. Like most British tories, Putnam Weale fails to see that the liberal conscience is not just a handicap on

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the common sense efficiency of the foreign office of his own country, but rather the brake of human decency which has consistently saved foreign policy from disaster.

Books like this of Putnam Weale's need the corrective of an historical background which many readers may not have since China has only recently been considered a necessary study. In his compact and admirable China and the West, W. E. Soothill, professor of Chinese at Oxford, meets this need. He shows that the Flowery Kingdom was not contemptuous of trade in its earlier periods of great vitality. But by the nineteenth century, Chinese thought and Manchu practice had evolved to an attitude which made any attempt of a western power to negotiate with Peking on behalf of its merchants an impertinence. Difficulties began with the Napier mission in 1833 because of the well developed notion in Great Britain that foreign trade was on the contrary something a nation should go to war to protect and extend. Professor Soothill is evidently anxious to be fair and succeeds in curbing, although he never conquers, his desire to make out a good case for Great Britain. He quotes the familiar verdict of John Quincy Adams that the Opium War is improperly named, and succeeds in readjusting the balance of blame for a century of imperialistic invasions. Japan and Russia have been nibbling at China for hundreds of years and Germany and France have been as active as their resources would permit. Incidentally, it seems a pity that the printed page, perhaps without Professor Soothill's connivance, misspells the name of the American President he quotes in defense of his country.

The remaining two books are records of lectures delivered on the Norman Wait Harris Foundation at the University of Chicago in 1925. They are called "interpretations," but that is too spacious a title. Mr. H. G. W. Woodhead, a British journalist, gives a brief sketch of Chinese history (as nearly all the lecturers find it necessary to do) and discusses present critical problems at length, especially extra-territoriality. He is sceptical of Chinese justice and thinks the removal of treaty rights would expose foreigners to danger. But his array of isolated "incidents" is inconclusive. He provides, in fact, an excellent example of the weakness of using single cases to justify conclusions in statesmanship. Such methods are too easy; similarly anyone could prove the administration of justice in the United States a bloody farce.

Mr. Julean Arnold, for long a commercial envoy of the United States, paints an arithmetical picture of 350,000,000 people panting to be industrialized.

Mr. Henry Kittredge Norton, who also appeared at the Baltimore meeting, gives a summary of Russia's Drang nach Osten. Mr. Norton may overestimate the importance of the Russian element, but since so many opinions on China's future get bogged in the cosmopolitan affairs of Peking, Canton and Shanghai, his insistence performs a useful function in swinging attention to the danger of northwestern anarchy.

In the second volume of Harris Foundation lectures, a Chinese educator and a Japanese peer offer patient, polite summaries of their national situations. Count Soyeshima prophesies that Japanese bureaucracy, which has made the modern nation, will soon wane and that popular representative government is near realization, but he does not say whether the "fortunate" devotion of the people to the imperial family has helped or hindered. In describing the expansion of Japan on the mainland he points to material progress in Korea, glossing boldly the methods of conquest and control. Toward China, he says, there is a present policy of non-interference, subject only to "merely safeguarding our rightful position and, in particular, our rights and interests in Manchuria and Mongolia."

One suspects the distinguished lecturer of disingenuousness when he says, "In the form and fundamental principles of government, there is no difference between the governments of England and Japan." When in recent times was the cabinet administration of army and navy in Great Britain a constitutional adjunct of the professional military class? There is more friendliness than reality in his presentation of some of the facts.

Dr. P. W. Kuo, also a member of the Baltimore conference as well as a lecturer at Chicago, gave his hearers a fair-minded statement of China's complaints against western powers on the counts of extra-territoriality and restricted tariff. He considers the four power banking consortium objectionable for the very good reason that it is monopolistic. He reminds us how patient China has been in the face of immigration exclusion and he reiterates traditional friendship between China and America, suggesting very mildly that in addition to trying to teach her people everything we think they ought to know, "America may learn from China something of her attitude toward life, of tolerance, of ease, and of peace of mind."

The Oriental lecturers in this series come nearer their announced purpose of "interpreting" the Far Eastern Question than do their western confrères. They have more perspective and approach more closely the common standpoint which ought to be accessible to all who undertake to speak for one nation to another.

LYMAN BRYSON.

Drama Old and New

British Drama: An Historical Survey from the Beginnings to the Present Time, by Allardyce Nicoll. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 498 pages. $3.

A History of Early Eighteenth Century Drama: 1700-1750, by Allardyce Nicoll. Cambridge (England): The University Press. 431 pages. 18s.

PROFESSOR NICOLL'S work is so good that it's a pity it is not better. He has set out to do for modern English drama what Sir A. W. Ward did for the older field. Thus far he has covered in two volumes on the Restoration and the Early Eighteenth Century the period from the reopening of the theatres in 1660 to the central desert of the most arid region through which the dramatic trail wanders. He intends to push on eventually to 1900. Meanwhile he pauses to give us a single volume surveying the whole development from the classical and mediæval origins to the present moment.

His industry is a standing reproach to other students of the English drama. Since 1923 Mr. Nicoll has published four books on that subject. They are not the fruit, as one might suppose, of many years of gestation, for their author is in his early thirties. I take off my hat to him; yet even while performing that gesture in all sincerity, I can not refrain from hoping that the remaining volumes will appear after longer intervals. In essaying the little-handled history of modern English drama Professor Nicoll might have undertaken to write it definitively. Thus far, his books, while they have always been valuable and in some cases better than any of their predecessors, have fallen far short of even that approach to finality which might reasonably be expected from a scholar of his gifts.

In brief, this historian exhibits an uncommonly orderly

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mind, and a remarkable flair for the erection of sharply defined categories, into which as into a series of pigeonholes he files with dexterity an enormous number of plays. His acquaintance with theatrical history is based on his own researches in the Record Office; and while none of his discoveries has been of great significance, he has turned up a good deal of useful corroborative material. Most important of all, his reading of the drama itself has been vast, especially in view of its inclusion of minor and subminor playwrights. The number of bad plays Mr. Nicoll has evidently read is simply appalling.

This admirable equipment for his task is, however, sometimes imperfectly effective because of flaws in application. The classifications are exact and clear. But the inferences are not always sound. Occasionally there is the invention of a baseless theory to explain difficult facts; and the constant failure to cite the evidence often leaves one uncertain whether a generalization rests on authority, on new document or on unsupported speculation. Professor Nicoll might well consider Professor Schelling's method in his new Elizabethan Playwrights, where the reader is consistently referred in footnotes to the latest conclusions of scholarship on moot points.

Another serious defect in method is the occasional yielding to the temptation to side-step or slide over vexatious problems under cover of a wordy vagueness. On page 139, for instance, Professor Nicoll outflanks a tough position in the following terms:

> The Witch, considered as a work of art, is but a pitiful production, although its connection with Macbeth will always cause interest to be taken in it, and its melodramatic features are eminently typical of certain tendencies of the time.

The reader asks, "What is the prevailing view of the connection of this play of Middleton's with Macbeth? What are those certain tendencies?" All Professor Nicoll's books betray this weakness.

It is possible that his reading of the drama itself is more extensive than his acquaintance with the work of other scholars, and rightly so. But the historian who neglects contemporary scholarship runs the risk of missing important contributions to the solution of his own problems. Mr. Nicoll's bibliography is useful, but necessarily eclectic; serious omissions are Schelling's Elizabethan Playwrights, Adams's Pre-Shakespearean Dramas, Schuecking's Character Problems in Shakespeare's Plays, and Professor Stoll's important monographs.

Nor, particularly in his treatment of the Elizabethan field, in his British Drama, does Professor Nicoll hold a consistent point of view. On Hamlet he inclines to the historical position; on Anthony and Cleopatra he verges on the ethical; on The Merchant of Venice he assumes the æsthetic. In handling the last play he is in fact almost sentimental, and definitely rejects the historical view. Professor Stoll he seems never to have heard of, and his textual references to Professor Schuecking belittle one of the most notable of recent contributions. Mr. Nicoll concludes that the Merchant is "a colossal dramatic failure." He dismisses the baffling problems of Titus on sentimental grounds.

On the other hand, he correctly emphasizes the continuity of the early and the later drama of the seventeenth century: the analysis of the Restoration schools is distinctly more successful than the discussion of the earlier period. The defense of that brilliant comedy of manners is admirably crisp, and I believe unanswerable. Further, Thomas Shadwell is restored to his rightful place as "the truest mirror of the age."

When he comes to the revival in the nineteenth century Professor Nicoll is again less thorough and less sound. He begins with Ibsen but ignores the French precursors. And it is disappointing to find that Mr. Nicoll's profound historical studies have failed to render him immune to the lunatic blandishments of the continental symbolists and expressionists of our own time. He is very tender with them in his final chapter; and for the frontispiece of British Drama he chooses, not some portrait of Shakespeare, nor any great dramatist or theatre or actor glorious in the annals of the London stage, but a wild design by Mr. Gordon Craig.

With all its faults, British Drama is the best single volume on its subject. And Early Eighteenth Century Drama is a contribution of much value, though its usefulness suffers from its beginning back in the Restoration period. Several of its fine categorical distinctions could have been dispensed with had Professor Nicoll recognized that 1710 rather than 1700 is the dividing line. As a result of this multiplication of categories, and of Mr. Nicoll's copious reports on worthless scribblers, you can't see the wood for the trees. And some of the trees are miserable saplings indeed.

HAZELTON SPENCER.

America's Greatest Historical Scholar

Herbert Levi Osgood: An American Scholar, by Dixon Ryan Fox. New York: Columbia University Press. 166 pages. $1.50.

NO American scholar was more in need of a biographical memoir than the late Professor Osgood of Columbia University, and no better informed, or more gracious and sympathetic writer could have been found for the task than his son-in-law and successor at Columbia. This brief sketch gives a summary of the life of the eminent historian, with far the greatest amount of space devoted to his career as teacher and writer. Eloquent and discerning rather than eulogistic and fulsome, Dr. Fox has given us an inspiring, discriminating and valuable account of the methods, aspirations and achievements of the man who by virtue of severity of standards and volume of product, more closely approximated than any other American to the ideal historical scholar. There have been others like Burr and F. J. Turner who have been as cautious and exacting in their concepts and methods, but their output has been far less notable. And there have been some who have far exceeded Professor Osgood in the quantity of their writings, but the writer knows of no other historian in this country who can be said to have demanded the same quality and quantity of historical evidence as the basis of his written work and has at the same time turned out so impressive an array of volumes. It is the opinion of the reviewer that it will take a half-century of rationalization to explain away the failure of the American Historical Association to award him the honor of the presidency of that organization.

While fairly familiar with Professor Osgood's writings and later academic life, the most novel and interesting fact to the reviewer which is brought out in Dr. Fox's memoir is the remarkable diversity of interests and versatility of the man. That the person who concentrated his life upon the institutional political history of the American colonies

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actually took his doctor's degree in the history of economic theory, substituted for Mayo-Smith as professor of economics, and for years taught the general graduate course in European history from Augustus to Napoleon III, was wholly a surprise and cause for some little astonishment. While awed by Professor Osgood's patience, persistence and scholarship, the perusal of this summary of his methods and ideals has convinced the reviewer more than ever that any considerable department of history should possess men of widely different talents and points of view. On the one hand, we need the scholars like Osgood to discover and arrange the facts; and, on the other, we require those who have special capacity for the organization and broad interpretation of these facts. In Columbia University a decade ago this balance was provided for as in no other American department of history before or since that time. With Osgood, Botsford and Dunning as the investigators, and Robinson, Shotwell and Beard as the interpreters, with Professor Shepherd combining both faculties better than any other member of the group, the graduate student was presented with an almost ideal array of professors. If such a display can ever again be duplicated at Columbia or elsewhere, there is no evidence to this effect now known to the writer.

HARRY ELMER BARNES.

Poisonous Whispers

Mr. Tasker's Gods, by T. F. Powys. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Mockery Gap, by T. F. Powys. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

SOUTHERN England is a land possessed of the furies. They haunt it: they persecute its Tesses and its Judes: they mock at its lazy meadows and drive the soul on to an Egdon Heath, fit only to serve as a meeting place for prophetic and sinister witches. Mr. Hardy sank his furies into the landscape; if he loaded his dice a little too obviously, it was only so that he might bring out more plainly his mythic belief in a blind, futile Nature, cursing man's decencies and nobilities. In many ways, Mr. T. F. Powys is a successor to Mr. Hardy. He has the older novelist's richness of perception without the grandiloquence which, not without reason, infuriates Mr. George Moore: he knows his Taskers and Pottles with something of the same canny insight that Mr. Hardy knows his farmers and shepherds; he has, in addition, a brutal eighteenth century sense of the comic, which recalls Rowlandson and Smollett. But there is a difference: Mr. Hardy's magnificent curse against destiny turns, in Mr. Powys, into a poisonous whisper against the pettiness of human beings. One sympathizes with Mr. Hardy's heroes, for Nature is the blackguard; and if Mr. Hardy is revolted at the beastliness of black pudding, he is also conscious of the beauty of old carols and songs under the frosty stars. In man, Mr. Hardy feels his pathetic impotence and weakness, rather than his vice. Mr. Powys lacks this saving sense. Mr. Tasker's Gods is a ratsbane pastoral; Mockery Gap is a comedy crowded with the senseless violence and brutality of an Elizabethan tragedy in blank verse. Mr. Powys touches not merely naked human beings: he touches people without epidermis, raw and wry in their deformity: he paints souls that are white callouses, green wounds, black, clotted bruises. In both these books Mr. Powys makes us witness the secret bloody battle fought between man and man, and man and beast, behind the painted backdrop of "rural charm"; he is conscious, almost madly conscious, of its cruelty, its lecherousness, its dumb unfeelingness. The result is painful, not because the facts are painful—how pleasant, indeed, are the "facts" in The Idiot and in Crime and Punishment?—but because after Mr. Powys is through with his tale one is oppressed by the pointlessness of it. These books seem to serve some private purpose in the pathology of the soul; and there is the difference between them and literature of the first quality, that there is between an ordinary Œdipus dream and the drama of Hamlet. Both the tragedy of Mr. Tasker's Gods, and the light ironic comedy of Mockery Gap are smeared by this obsession of blind cruelty, against which Mr. Powys's sensibilities are unfortified. He winces; and he makes our nerves dance; but after a little spell of him one wants merely to get out of range. Something is needed to justify, that is to say, to make æsthetically and philosophically reasonable, all these exacerbations. Mr. Hardy found this in the myth of a relentless Nature; his novels exemplified the mid-Victorian conception of fate. One wonders whether Mr. Powys will discover his own equivalent; or whether his great literary gifts will distill nothing better than this black brew.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

The Pale Musicianer

The Unknown Goddess, by Humbert Wolfe. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 107 pages. $1.75.

HUMBERT WOLFE defines himself not only in his poem, The Bull Fiddle, but on every page of The Unknown Goddess, the first of his volumes to appear in America, and even the reticent delicacy of his verse will not prevent half-sensitive ears from recognizing a new and extraordinarily subtle melodist. Critics will find it difficult to "place" this young Englishman; he is both archaic and modern; his themes, frankly stated, are as direct as Palestrina's; his daring suspensions, curious harmonics and spicy modulations pronounce him a neo- if not an anti-Georgian. Charm is the word one immediately wishes to attach to Mr. Wolfe's suave line, but a whispered irony, an acrid overtone prohibits the pretty appellation. The author's earlier Kensington Gardens may be summarized as winsome, but a sharper quality than grace will make the reader thrill on discovering such poem as Thieves of Mercy, Love in Jeopardy, that dramatic lyric Green Candles, the briefly elegiac Journey's End (which is a fit companion to Christina Rossetti's handling of the same theme), and the exquisite Iliad. Iliad synthesizes so neatly this poet's characteristics —his concise rhythmical movement, his

> inevitable ease
> of golden, unobstructed sentences,

his quaint idiom and, most effectively, his employment of oblique or "off color" rhyme—that I detach some of the central verses, though in so doing I mangle a poem which is one of the most memorable of this generation:

> What joy doth Helen
> or Paris have
> where these lie still in
> a nameless grave?
> Her beauty's a wraith,
> and the boy Paris
> muffles in death
> his mouth's cold cherries.
> Aye! these are less,

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that were love's summer,
than one gold phrase
of old blind Homer.
Not Helen's wonder
nor Paris stirs,
but the bright untender
hexameters.

It is as a verbal musician that Mr. Wolfe assumes a rank as high as De la Mare's; as a phrasemaker, he goes beyond him. He evokes the blackbirds, "those little coals with throats of flame," he hears "the small language of the rain," sees "a planet scuttering like a coney round the sun," "the pale cool-throated star that rises with the Danish nightingale," "the cold dropped pebble of painless verse." It will be for the words as well as for the music that the anthologists will ransack this volume in which every other line is both an experiment and an accomplishment.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

A Defender for Napoleon

The First Napoleon: Some Unpublished Documents from the Bowood Papers. Edited by the Earl of Kerry. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 355 pages. $5.

THE documents here published are deposited in the family archives of the present Lord Lansdowne, into whose hands they came by virtue of the marriage of his father to the daughter of the Comte de Flahault, Napoleon's aide-de-camp during the Waterloo campaign. It is remarkable that Flahault refused to yield to the common temptation of his contemporaries to write his memoirs; however, because he worshiped Napoleon this side and even somewhat beyond this side of idolatry, he carefully preserved all the papers in his possession which bore in any degree on his beloved master. Now at last, disinterred from their dusty resting-place, they may be counted on to awaken a mild interest since, without making any startling revelations, they at least confirm that view of the emperor's conduct of the Waterloo campaign which has come to be the clarified opinion of latter-day historians. It will be recalled that for many decades after the Belgian catastrophe hostile accounts were in circulation which criticized the whole plan of campaign against the Prussians and British, not only defended Marshals Ney and Grouchy, but even exalted them at Napoleon's expense, and culminated in the charge of a personal deterioration all along the line evidenced by a calamitous falling off of energy and initiative. While patient investigation has already largely disposed of these strictures as partisan inventions, this latest testimony from Flahault's papers would seem to consign them definitely to limbo. The aide-de-camp, whose business it was to wait upon the emperor night and day, is certain that at no period of his life did his master display more disciplined and inspired leadership. There was never a moment of weakness or uncertainty. But if his campaign has, as every military masterpiece must have, a clear-cut and coherent character, he was dependent for its execution on Ney and Grouchy, who operated respectively on his left and right wing, and Ney failed him at Quatre Bras on June 16 and Grouchy even more conspicuously on the 18th at Waterloo. Flahault's testimony most certainly deserves to be heard in this connection, since it was he who bore the order to Ney to attack and who was the disgusted witness of Ney's feeble action; and again, on his return to headquarters on the 17th he was present when Grouchy was sent in pursuit of the Prussians and heard with his own ears Napoleon's express command "to keep in touch with me by your left flank." Had Grouchy done so, the Prussians could never of course have reached the field at Waterloo to take the wind out of Napoleon's attack upon the British. Flahault shows a laudable restraint in charging the two marshals with nothing more serious than military negligence. But he will not permit an unmerited stain to rest upon the glory of his beloved commander and, thus inspired, he refuses, too, to let the legend—apparently an invention of Marmont's malice—go unchallenged that when the battle was lost Napoleon sought safety in unmanly and panicky flight. On Flahault's precise assertion we must believe that he and the emperor rode "knee to knee" calmly through the night to Charleroi.

For the uneven and often trivial material composing the rest of the volume there is not much to be said. Not without interest are the scraps of letters from Flahault to his mother, since they supply conclusive evidence of his suspected but unproven love-affair with Queen Hortense and of the birth in 1811 of their son, known to fame as the Duc de Morny and destined to fill a very large page in the reign of that other son of Hortense, Louis Napoleon. The last section, too, dealing with the correspondence of Napoleon I, published during the Second Empire, will carry a certain weight particularly with professional historians, since from it they may learn that it was Flahault who, associated by Napoleon III with the board of editors, was largely responsible for the emendations and omissions which so grievously detract from the value of the correspondence as an impartial record of the great conqueror's policy. Flahault frankly took the position that only such documents were to be printed as were calculated "to enhance the Emperor's renown." Of this blind partisanship the former aide-de-camp was anything but ashamed. He had begun life as a soldier with the sort of fiery passion for his chosen leader that only an inflammable boy can feel and through all the vicissitudes of a crowded existence to its close at the ripe age of eighty-five he remained unswervingly true to this primal impulse of his being. Provided with only an average equipment by nature, Flahault was none the less, as these records show, one of the most engaging Frenchmen of his time, a notable embodiment of the dying military-aristocratic ideal which rated honor and loyalty as the best treasures of life.

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